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Esquire

MARCH 1985 • PRICE \$2.50

Man At His Best

The Pain of the Divorced Father

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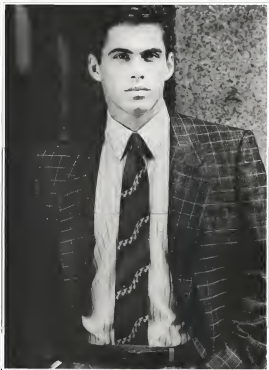


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MANI
BY GIORGIO ARMANI

THE NEW AMERICA

Architecture and the
Bosnian war: a picture of
politics. Korea's industrial
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Jonathan Joseph; BODY & SOUL: "I'M BARNACLE BILL, THE SANDWICH" by *Hillary Hauser*;
NEW AMERICA'S PEOPLE by *Jeremy Gluck*; THE ATHLETE'S COMPUTER by *Patrick Koffel*;
CHANGES BY PERMIT ONLY by *Roger Rapoport*; PULLING PRINCIPLES OUT OF POLITICS
by *Martha Marie Wooley*; THE BOOK IS BACK by *Tina Chappone*; FUTURE TENSE:
A PAEAN TO PLASTIC by *Ron Rosenbaum*; GENERAL PATENTS by *Martha Marie Wooley*

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Coming next month

The Esquire Traveler: thirty-one adventure
getaways for the body and mind. An
intimate profile of Washington Post publisher
Donald Graham. Silkwood attorney
Gerry Spence covers a rape trial.



P E R R Y E L L I S

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AGENERATION GROWS UP

COMMEMORATIONS ON an exciting and startling issue—The Best of the New Generation (December), has and your staff acquired a wonderful inside in the seat of the Olympics, when so much emphasis was on physical stamina. The December issue counterbalances it with recognition of the mental discipline exercised in a variety of accomplishments. Quite possibly, the presentation of these role models will spawn great achievements and channel creative energies that would have gone unchallenged without your magazine.

Dafni L. Pryor
Andover, Calif.

WHILE MANY of the honorees are hardly north honoring, you have included a chef, a clothing designer, and entrepreneurs of all sorts, many of whom came to bear a skill in overachieving.

You say that "the famous criterion was that the candidate's work have genuine value or provide a service to others." Selling cookies?

David Rosenberg
Tulsa, Okla.

I JUST wanted to drop you a note of congratulations on the *Kaplan* August. It was a stupendous job well done.

Raymond Mingo
Creative States Magazine
Carmel, Calif.

LIKE SO many others throughout the country, let me add my praise and appreciation for your outstanding December issue, which catalogs Men and Women at Their Best. Truly these individuals are our greatest cultural treasures!

One thing that caught my eye was the wonderful return on the government's modest investment in some of these people through federal grants and awards. The need money has gained a rich award in their fruitful efforts.

Conquiescence Cardin Colfax
Chicago, Ill.

DIRECTION CORRECTION

YOUR OTHERWISE interesting and informative article on director Peter Sellers ("The Many Directions of Peter Sellers") in your December issue unfortunately erred in stating that Mr. Sellers had been

named artistic director of the Kennedy Center. His title and role at the Kennedy Center is director of the American National Theatre. The Kennedy Center's artistic director is Martin Armstrong.

Laura Loughey
Director of Communications
John F. Kennedy Center for the
Performing Arts
Washington, D.C.

VITAL STATISTICS

I READ with interest your December issue about the underbody generation, and I did notice a glaring error in your listing of Dale Murphy of the Atlanta Braves. You said that Murphy was the youngest pitcher ever to win two Most Valuable Player awards. This statement is incorrect. In fact, the youngest player to win two awards was Johnny Bench, who was born on July 7, 1947, and was elected MVP in 1970 and 1972, making him slightly over twenty-five when he won the second award. Next was Mickey Vernon, born October 20, 1911, who won in 1936 and 1937 and was twenty-one when he won the second award. Joe DiMaggio, born November 25, 1914, was twenty-six when he was given the second award in 1951. Knute Moss, born September 30, 1924, was just twenty-seven when he won his second MVP award in 1950.

Dale Murphy was born March 12, 1956, and was elected MVP in 1983. Thus, when he was the second award he was past his twenty-seventh birthday during the entire baseball season.

Melvin R. Solomon
Riverside, N.J.

Editor's note: Mr. Solomon is largely correct—the four players were younger than Murphy when they won the second award. However, Johnny Bench was actually born December 1, 1947, making him slightly under twenty-five when he won the second award. And Knute Moss was born in 1911, not 1914. Had he been born in 1914, he would have received the second award when he was seven years old!

A COMEDIAN REMEMBERED

ELAINE BOOSLER thought she was a singer. Then Andy Kaufman convinced her she was a comedian, and now it seems she's a beautiful writer. I cried throughout her moving piece on Kaufman, and I was

pleased to find out that he was not a serious, drug-crazed star like some of his comic competitors.

Jill Krenner
Pacific Beach, Calif.

THANK YOU for sharing with us the November *Profile* story "Andy." For so many years Andy Kaufman brought us laughter. He will be missed by us all.

William Smalls Jr.
Midland, Conn.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

I WOULD like to thank Anthony Brandt for his *Ethics* columns. His columns was a monthly reminder that, in a large extent, we are the sum total of the moral decisions we make.

Fred Clay
Brookline, Colo.

I AM dismayed that Anthony Brandt is no longer writing the *Ethics* column. He beautifully expresses the daily ethical issues of our very modern, complicated times. Mr. Brandt will be sorely missed.

Ann F. Whitting
La Grange, Ill.

SOUP'S ON

MY FRIENDS and I will always remember the Thanksgiving we ate our pumpkin pie out of bowls (and then only 6 was too).

Perhaps Glen Waggoner ("The Modern American Thanksgiving," November) could share with us his secret for making the pie in under two and a half hours.

Erin Devine
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Glen Waggoner replies: Did you ever drop an egg? Most cooks have, and I certainly did—two, in fact, from the pumpkin pie recipe that recently transformed Erin Devine's Thanksgiving into a turkey. The good news and the bad news is that a lot of other readers also thought it might be best to tinker with a holiday's favorite. But look at the bright side: maybe pumpkin pie may well become part of the new Thanksgiving tradition. And to those who think "maybe not, I disagree. With egg on my face."

Letter to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Kaplan 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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ILLUSTRATION: JIMMY WOOD

Man At His Best

AGENTMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

MATERIAL VALUE

What's in the Cards?



A picture-postcard," says Graham Green in *Men in Motion*, "is a symbol of loss." Greene was referring to the postage of the sender, which in some instances place, trying to connect with those that it is a symbol of loss—like the loneliness wrought by change and distance, the loneliness of an image of a washed place, of a second moment fifty years old—that inspires today's postcard collectors. "It's that sad little feeling of loss, of something gone," says Andrew Brown of New York's Gotham Book Mart, perhaps the most influential collector in the country.

Perhaps that is why every postcard collection has an individual flavor, and why there is a touch of lonely obsession to the pursuit. "In general, we are all nerds," says John Barker, a former New York editor who says that postcards "changed my life." "Something about the cards struck me," he recalls, "perhaps their miniaturization, the way they're stored away and then to a fraction of themselves." Barker was a weekend painter, cranking blowup versions of his favorite postcards of roadside America, until his book *Gas, Food, and Lodging*, which included a postcard, while working at a painting studio had to leave advertising and move to Nashville to paint full time.

Barker's cards are mostly of the clowns and other roadside entertainers he painted. Other collectors specialize in cards showing outdoor scenes and leisure: the Maine potato chieftain superimposed on a retired fighter, the cowboy inside a spaceship, head-high west Texas palmshrub. Others collect only cards of seaports and airports, propaganda cards from the World War, or "big letter" cards—those William Somerset Maugham bearing the name of a town in large, shadowed block letters, decorated with little sketches of local sights.

Some collectors are obsessed with the ground-up color of even the southwestern deserts that seem to be viewed through a peyote haze. And still others are drawn to those miniature cards of the Thirties that employ the same artistic flair for Lake Mead and for the sea off Coney Island, the same playful salutes for the Britannia castle and the walls of the Grand Canyon. "Most collectors," Barker says, "are nuts—like me."

One who is similarly obsessed is Leonard Lauder, who heads the Lauder cosmetics empire. Lauder became interested in cards as a child in Miami, where he began picking up views of art deco hotels. His interest has since widened to include postcards showing the architecture of the Archdeacon Ferdinand in Santiago, cash advertising poppet service, and lithographic cards produced by the Wiener Werkstätte. "Postcard collectors," he says, "are passionate about it."

WISH YOU WERE HERE
The nostalgia that has made postcards so popular is not accidental: a big postcard rapid change. Ma and Pa owners have given way to franchises. Snake farms, alpaca ranches, and other exotic tourist attractions have been replaced by educational, educational "family" tourist environments. And the new generation has gone to scurrying to save the artifacts of our vanished, small-town past and made postcard collecting the nation's third-largest collecting hobby, trading only stamp and coin collecting.

But postcards are not like stamps, "where every variety has been systematically studied, where it's all laid out," Brown says. "With postcards, there's a continual sense of discovery, a wonder of discovery."

Every summer Brown turns the deck, or more accurately the Gotham Book Mart into a postcard collector's shrine. There he mounts shows of cards from his collection, now numbering more than one hundred thousand. In addition, he sells, at the shop and by mail, 170-odd reference works. As documented in Brown's constantly updated *Postcard Collector's Guide to Reference Works*, these range from Dorothy Ryan's detective *Picture Postcards on the U.S. 1892-1900* to tracts on the art of John Wain, publisher of *Halfpenny Cards*. Also included is *Picture Postcard* by Peter Moore, a history of the American photo-postcard from 1860 to 1920 considered by Brown.

In Europe postcard collecting has regained popularity for years. "In France," says Brown, "it is considered a very sophisticated hobby, a gentleman's hobby." And card collecting shows promise of becoming a gentleman's hobby in this country as well. Now, for the first time, cards are attracting interest in investment circles. Last year one postcard by Alphonse Mucha, who also designed popular French-style French posters, sold privately for a record \$4,400.

The average card will go for under ten dollars, every year one for under a dollar could. But despite the speculation of the hobby, there are accepted choices. Some have special value because of their artist (Thomas Eakins or John Singer Sargent), because of an autograph (Brown has a card signed by Nijinsky), or because of plastic value (some cards carried by poppet mail are preserved). And, as Lauder points out, "cards become particularly valuable when a transaction overlaps. A Wiener Werkstätte lithograph, for instance, is attractive not only to



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THE SEASONED COOK

AWok on the Wild Side



I am the legend. I am the lemon chicken man.

I come from a time before Silicon Valley, when young, well-dressed businessmen and stressed chicken parts wandered in *collapsio*.

I am the champion of lemon chicken, but these are those who would challenge my supremacy.

The upstart mobile food recipes for lemon chicken. They prepare it on nights when they're not beating Lee's Cuisine.

Chicagans regularly have recipes for lemon chicken. They make sauce that tastes like lemon meringue pie.

The blanching beds of cracked chickens litter the landscape of urban America. The aroma of straws permeated by those who would challenge the lemon chicken man.

I plead with these pretentious. I ask them to put away their electric wok and supermarket soy. They cannot compete with me.

I show them my powerful arms that can cleave a whole chicken with one masterful strike. I show them my gawled hands that can squeeze huge Shinkatis dry.

They do not listen. Nothing can convince them but a taste of my deep-fried boneless chicken with lemon sauce.

I take out my ardent-ink, cast-iron, oil-blackened wok. I begin.

Start with two whole chickens. Bone the chicken, then cut the meat into good-size pieces, each big enough for one or three bites.

It's hard to see skin remains on the meat, skin tastes good. It's also fine if you remove all the skin, skin is fattening.

Put the bones and leftover skin in a pot, add cold water, cover, bring to a boil, and simmer for twenty minutes. Strain, leaving chicken stock. Save one cup of stock.

Toss the chicken pieces with a tablespoon of oil and a tablespoon of soy sauce. Allow to marinate for fifteen minutes.

Split one scallion in half and cut it into two-inch lengths. Cut two lemons into thick wheels. Set both aside.

Blend one tablespoon of the chicken stock with one tablespoon of cornstarch to make a smooth paste. Add the soy-sauce-soaked, one-tablespoon stock, and three tablespoons of sugar. Mix well and set aside.

Heat your cooking oil. Use whatever kind you prefer, but if you must use peanut oil, buy it at a Chinese grocery store, where it's cheap. Don't be stingy with the oil. Add enough for deep frying.

Prepare a hot batter: Combine one-third cup of flour, one tablespoon of cornstarch, one-quarter teaspoon of baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon of sugar, a pinch of baking soda, a half-cup of water, and a tablespoon of hot oil.

If you have lemon chicken sauce, and I am very wise, but adding lemon seeds in one of the meals of cooking beyond my understanding. The lemon seeds have instructions for making poison sauce, fire, feet, and carpet odors. It says nothing about eating the stuff.

Test your batter. Is it thin? You are not trying to submerge your chicken girlfriend. The batter clinging to the chicken should be the thickness of a silk shirt.

Deep fry the chicken three or four chunks at a time. The oil must be very hot, at least 365 degrees, and the chicken should cook only until golden brown. Don't overcook. Keep the chicken in a warm oven.

Drain all but two tablespoons of oil from the wok. Be careful. If you are sloppy while pouring the oil, you might get some on the side rails of the wok. This could cause a fire when you return the wok to the stove.

If you do accidentally start a fire, throw baking soda on it. Baking soda is also used in fire extinguishers.

Prepare the lemon sauce.

Add the scallion pieces to the hot oil remaining in the wok. Stir for thirty seconds. Add the lemon slices. Stir for another thirty seconds. Make certain the chicken-lemon sauce is thoroughly blended, then pour it into the wok.

Cook, stirring, until the sauce thickens. Taste for the desired tartness and add fresh lemon juice as desired.

Arrange a bed of lettuce leaves on a serving plate. Place the chicken on top of the lettuce and pour the sauce on top.

Serve immediately, carefully, with the scallion still clinging from the wok.

The lemon chicken man does not wait around for applause. He does not need the words of concession that inevitably follow the eating of his lemon chicken.

I hope this tip will help. Always, the chicken man to one another and say, "Who was that lemon chicken man?"

They do not know my name. They know me by the token I leave behind.

My calling card, a silver plate.

—Alan Richardson

GOOD THINKING

But Who Has More Gray Matter?

Oh, men. We have a lot of work to catch up on. Consider, for instance, these statistics: discrepancies between ourselves and that other sex.

• Women spend one-third less time than men on cell-phones.

• Women give their jobs 12 percent more effort than do men.

• Although half of two-career couples say cooking should be shared equally, women do it alone in 75 percent of homes.

These embarrassing figures come from a book that will be an extraordinarily portable, quick-loading weapon in the war between the sexes. *What's the Difference?* (William Morrow, \$12.95), by Jane Sauer. Sauer, coauthor of more than a thousand little bombastic of information. Each gets a head-

ing for easy access, such as: "Men: 'What's the Difference?' or 'Who's the Difference?' No more groping for facts during arguments over the IRA!"

"If men and women are equally good at math, shooting, or even soccer, what then, 'real tests show men are more romantic, why are 90 percent of modern couples'?"

"Because," another reader would counter, "the male's blood is thicker."

Strong data easily accessible and journalist sources. Most date from the decade, and despite the advent of the "new man," much remains unchanged. Women with college degrees, for example, still earn 40 percent less than male high-school graduates. And men 600 get the biggest score. ●



Universal Time

Individually refined watches from Tiffany's collection of exceptional timepieces. From left to right: Eighteen karat gold moon phase strap watch with quartz movement by Chopard, \$2,125. Tiffany's diamond watch in eighteen karat gold with automatic movement, \$6,700. Eighteen karat gold automatic strap watch by Breguet with phases of the moon and date, \$13,000. Eighteen karat gold Day-Date watch with moon phase by Audemars Piguet, \$6,950.

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Islands in the Stream

SOUTH SEAS
PLANTATION

Not that the Plantation over-looks crowded lodgings are hidden beneath a thick car-

CHERCA LOWES

These are eighty-six guest rooms, ranging from pool-view lodge rooms to penthouses, two-bedroom ocean villas. Deep-sea fishing boats can be chartered at the nearby Bud's Mary's Marine, glass bottom boat and scuba excursions.

USEPPA ISLAND CLIM

dark became a deep, moist red.

Overseas is accessible only by boat or seaplane, and the approach reminds one more of the South Pacific than a resort. Twenty miles north of Fort Myers, Graceful herons, snowy egrets, and roseate spoonbills are as common as pigeons in the city. The "bungalows" are actually luxuriously furnished three-story town houses, with screened-in porches, hanging swings, and winking ceiling fans. Guests also have access to a small beach, swimming pool, tennis court, three-hole golf course, and deep-water marina. Accommodations start at \$125 per night (incl. tax). 813-263-1061.

Cabbage: Key is best defined not by what it has, but by what it lacks. It does not have tennis courts, swimming pools, health spas, a golf course, caviar, entertainment, or litter. What it

There have a miles of golfcourse through a tropical forest that shelters wild birds, gopher snakes, Florida panthers, and even the Florida panther, a species of big cat. But the most interesting island is one of "Chesterburg in Paradise," but you're better off trying such local no-name as broiled grouper, stone crabs, and Goliath sea hares. The island's local fisher's also a good bet, but the harbor master delights in taking guests to the deserted beaches of Cape Coral, a wildlife reserve on a nearby island. The only six guest cottages are built on stilts. For an hour, then a gun, five live Euphrates, two gins, live house boats. Further accommodations include a houseboat that sleeps four and a couple of two-bedroom cottages. Rooms and cottages are \$100 a night. (813-283-2270)

based, reflective to the community

the part of the deities, which he attained considerable popularity as an agent, he always struck me as being a little too convincing. As a result, I thought he was a little too subtle down for the occasion, but I did it for the money, and I did it with grace and style. And here's a variation: On a recent trip to Peru, I had occasion to speak with M. Miguel Bugar, head here of the United Fruit Co. He said that, customarily, United fruit cocktails never mixtures from west to east, and that, for had recently swept into Peru. Occasionally, though, things move the opposite way. M. Bugar predicts that the U.S. airlines will see here in the U.S. a dramatic change in accident, at home, when they customarily and erroneously use, made from malibuana, instead of crystal de canas, a Mink cream, for example, while

THE DRINKING MAN
Eye-openers



Early in the day, we tend to be content about our drinking. And I don't mean simply in its abstract forms, like the abstract protagonist of the Raymond Carver short story who starts his day with a meal of champagne and crab's doughnuts. Rather, I refer to the subtle embarrassment associated with the publicly sanctioned occasions of our imbibing in the A.M. Think of it, morning drink

ing is often a social grace, but as if pretending to go on. We hide the booze, substituting its every quality in something else to drink. Weekend gatherings for brunch are well supplied with various pastel-colored juices spiked with vodka or champagne. And restaurants offer a myriad of Sunday disquiet spectacles—sandwiches of ribs smothered in ketchup and the extracts of one or another tropical fruit. In a way, the idea

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

How to Fight with Women



Among themselves men stage celestial flights. Arrives men on parade grounds, bottoms strap to their shorts and weigh in, coats get carefully folded on bar stools before blood starts to pour from someone's nose. The unity formal the preparations and the more public the display of virility, the less the intimacy of the actual fight.

Aside from falling in love, there are no preliminaries to fighting with women, just the curious sensation that comes when birds roost in heavy air and you know you are in for a squall. The storm may be brief, but it may also be unceremoniously bitter.

I have liberals, some liberals, others southern, who assert that as a matter of honor men must never fight with women. I demand, and not entirely out of pragmatism. If you take a woman seriously, you should fight with her when the occasion demands it. To refuse is submission.

But steel yourself. It's not unusual for a man to be intimidated by the passion a fight with a woman arouses and more alarmed still by the adeptness for fighting she shows. An amateur knows, kick like chase, everything seems like and nothing seems far. Still, take heart. Future

is a natural form of rhetorical dialogue, hyperbolic and inevitable. That fact should free us to approach it in good spirit.

But how? No Marquis of Queensberry has promulgated standards for romantic bores, and until fighting is forced only as therapy, it will never earn a chapter in the sex manuals. You might fall back on the notion that when science fails, nature prevails, but fighting, like walking, is more than what performed with a little assistance. It should be a social act, not a display of brute instinct.

Being a good fighter, I have found, is like being a veil camouflage. What most people call natural disasters you come to think of as discrete phenomena that reveal a significant pattern. That doesn't make eruptions fun, but it does take some of the shock out of them. You even get used to walking among the conflicts on a volcanic slope, seeing outbursts, knowing that at any moment the cool forest floor could spew hot ash and gases. If you are lucky enough to love another good fighter, like, in one respect, will be bluffed.

Make no mistake. The only fights worth enduring are the meaningful ones. Hunger, fat, and fatigue cause the others, and they are mere servants of cravenness. Anyone who has fought with the women he loves

knows that the significance of *all* light can't be measured by its output. All lights seem to arise from trivial causes, which means there is no such thing as a trivial cause. If the tanneries are right, my avenue to an argument with the Mexican towns—politics, religion, Godwin—lead to intellectual clashes, but those clashes usually be resolved after the first rational shouting. Only the truly overbearing custom—tannery habits, old missions, dried-out footprints—must be fought to an end.

And once you are trapped within the sinister logic of a maelstrom brew, there is no point hoping for shortcuts to peace. Walking out just means being alone with the angry person you like the least. Besides, it gets you nowhere, literally. The times I have walked out I have strolled around the neighborhood eating at the thickness of the city's blue, listening to the tin-tin-

yapping of dogs, and wondering why the beautiful bodies around block started at me as if I were Richard Nixon on his way home from a three-day Ellis Club croaker. It was something

The other problem with yelling out is that fights tend to follow you. Dogs and children need regular exercise, but squabbling shouldn't. Do not go public, at least when fighting with me. I am discreet and only when embarrassed, and I suspect the same is true of most people. Also, fighting in public just exposes the absurdity of the whole romantic enterprise.

Of course, you need not leave the house to go public. Our upstairs neighbor, a far better who thanks her's Sherrill Wilmes and whom we call Mr. Soto, spends evenings and weekends yelling at his wife, Yuba, who answers at the who range. Mr. Soto is obviously not a proud man. Yet rhetorically speaking, there is a Mr. Soto (or a Yuba) in all of us, because his victory at the press

of safety. It doesn't matter whether you eat accompaniments like Spode saucers or the joints of meat, the effect is the same. The phrase must often uttered is "I don't give a damn who hears me." But you

should. For when things have reached that point, you're in trouble. The line between reason and madness starts crumbling, and it becomes time to remember the only rule that binds you absolutely: Do not use physical violence.

After ten fat minutes of overbearing self-restraint, you may well feel that only a brutal gesture will unshackle you. Try to keep it symbolic. Leave, for instance, to read your garments. A well-timed valley of short buttons has a chilling effect on the passions, and it's hard to fire more than one salvo from a short front.

Assured you are on tactics, the less you destroy, the less you have to rebuild. All must be forgiven at the end of a fight, and that includes the results that are still fluttering down from the ceiling after you have landed and made up. Verbal abuse is one of the great pleasures of fighting, but forgiveness comes easier if you have not trod on the sanctuaries of your partner. Delicate situations should not be crushed outright, and the most delicate ventures are physical. You must

In my opinion, both parties are concerned of the justice of their position. That is what makes it a fight and not a sales meeting. But I have discovered a failing in myself that I am willing to bet is not unique: the tendency to fight harder when I know I am wrong. Anger blocks reason down the path of self-

knowledge. When you are right, you want to end the fight, but when you are wrong, you want to win. The distinction to wage strategic war should be squashed. Winning means nothing, for unless you both win you both lose.

The true measure of a fighter's success lies in the way it winds down. Frankly, you have fought to no purpose if the quarrel smolders on. Make sure the fight is really over. Nothing is worse than kicking the dirt on through the night. Call it quits and get on with the living. There will be time to gather and sew buttons later.

—Vortyn Klankobon



Where
it's l




you're
Miche



The way you work, the way you play, you're on your way to the top. Where you're going, it's inconspicuously smooth Michelob.



e goin
elob.



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catch a flight to Los Angeles. Upon arriving you take a cab to West Studio, for a television studio inside which you are scheduled to appear on *The Mary Griffin Show*. A makeup artist dabs liquid on your face, you are led to a lounge equipped with a bar and a television monitor, and soon receive the news and the live and you meet an announcer's voice say that tonight Mary's guests will be Susan Anton, Erica Jong, actress/appeal, and you. Before too long you are out onto the set, where Eric Griffin greets you, an announcer, two strangers applaud, and you talk to Mary for eight minutes. After you finish, the audience leaves and so do you, the next day you are back in the town where you live now, working at your own desk now.

Sometimes it happens in slow motion, so precisely that you begin to feel like a tired old boxer who is being beaten against the ropes by a healthy young stud eager for an early knockout. The schedule for one day in Detroit is: 9:30 a.m., *Kelly and Company* show, WXYZ television, 30:30 a.m., interview with J. F. McCarthy, *Focus* show, WJBK radio, 11:00 a.m., *The Soapbox* show, WJTV television, 11:45 a.m., *Makeup* show, WJTV radio, 12:30 p.m., *Moss Magazine* show, WJBC radio, 1:00 p.m., *Moss South* show, WJCT radio, 2:30 p.m., taped interview for early evening news, WJTV television, 3:30 p.m., newspaper interview with *Peoples Press*, Detroit Metro Airport, immediately following airport, back to the city.

Again, all this schedule is grinding, all this attention more than my writer has a right over to ask for. And perhaps that is the thing that makes a book tour so confusing—no celebrating, just no celebration to be a part of. I mean that each of my three recent tours, I found myself thinking that as a part of Americans who everyone should get to experience once, how people are even aware it's out there, just it's going on every day.

THESE IS a relatively new phenomenon that has become a part of book tours, the "media circus."

Media circuses are men and women who start arriving earlier than your own arrival, they are in the town where the authors part through, they charge coasted credibly less money than business services, and are more reliable than cabs. Take an other look at that Detroit schedule. Without an escort making with a car and leaving by way around the city, a schedule like that one would be impossible to book.

Media circuses are a side of the literary world that few others do. They become acquainted with their professional press-

ent authors than most of the most prominent Manhattan editors or agents. They visit authors about a different author every day; they spend up to twelve hours a day with "their" authors, and therefore can tell no other stories for many minutes and revealing that the stories gathered by the interviewers who do the quick interviews in the studio while the events wait outside.

Once the media circus is the only person who knows how to live a given town with a not necessary at. By the time the author reaches the next town, though usually late at night, in order to be present to the next morning's first talk show—the next media escort will have left a message at his hotel, giving instructions about where to meet just after dawn. My favorite circuses delivered on a peak hotel night, say, "Look for an aging blonde in a silver Mercedes."

AN AUTHOR on a book tour learns to look for similar signs. One of them, he notices early on, is his books. It is often the only thing that he can recognize as being a part of his real life. So when he arrives at each morning television or radio station, his eyes involuntarily focus to search for his book. The sight of it begins to give him a warm feeling, like a letter from home.

The other familiar thing a touring author learns to look for is other touring authors. Over the course of a year there may be hundreds and hundreds of them on the road, but they are given work, in a specific section of the country, you are the only find the same people. So what I saw Jane and Michael Stern, the authors of *Savage Alaska*, in the San Francisco airport, it did not seem at all odd that I had seen them only hours before in the lobby of KRLD radio in Dallas. And when I met a psychologist named Gail Wiener, the author of something called *The Love Game*, no fewer than seven times across cities during my twenty-four-hour tour, I did not question it; it was sure of life in high school, when you used to see the same people in the hallways between classes every day.

IN AN effort to maximize my salary, I went back to my newspaper office in Chicago. One of the first telephone calls was a woman from the publicity department of a publishing house in New York.

"We've got a very interesting author who will be in your town next week," she said. "It's written an important new book, and I think it would make a great story for you."

I closed my eyes and thought of airports. And cities.

FOR GREENE is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

While his bathroom, sitting in for host Larry King, was interviewing on *Monday Night*, the syndicated *Larry King Show*, I was writing: "Why are all of these extremely intelligent, apparently well-read people up at three o'clock in the morning making phone calls to a person they have never met?"

Sometimes something would happen that required me to turn the schedule over and analyze on the back. After a live interview on *Monday Night* at KTTV television in Los Angeles, I wrote: "A producer came up to me on the set and said, 'You'll have to do me one more job.' I said, 'Tina Turner.' She said, 'Like another?' I said, 'Yes.' Her eyes glowed over and she said, 'Oh, interesting. I could tell the two interesting someone else. I asked her who she had thought I was. She said, 'A water commiserator.'"

BETWEEN 9:00 A.M. and 10:00 A.M. every time every Thursday morning, there is a telephone market—in it is the 554 exchange in Manhattan—that constantly rings busy. That is because virtually every author on the road—and representatives of virtually every publishing house back home—is trying to get through.

That is the telephone line on which the editors of *The New York Times Book Review* place a type recording of their best-seller lists, both hardback and paperback. On Thursday morning a new type is put on the machines, and a voice announces the fresh best-seller list that will appear in the Sunday Times two days hence.

In Seattle, it's 6:00 A.M. in Denver, it's 10:00 A.M. in St. Louis, it's 8:00 A.M. in Boston, it's 8:00 A.M.

In hotel rooms everywhere, groupy authors punch the New York telephone number, get a busy signal, hang up, and, perhaps another day, Sunday will be all over my face, for a new day. Right now, though, I'm not sure I did not question it; it was sure of life in high school, when you used to see the same people in the hallways between classes every day.

WHEN MY third tour of the year was over, I went back to my newspaper office in Chicago. One of the first telephone calls was a woman from the publicity department of a publishing house in New York.

"We've got a very interesting author who will be in your town next week," she said. "It's written an important new book, and I think it would make a great story for you."

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ETHICS

BY HARRY STEIN

MODEL ROLES FOR MODERN TIMES

Even in this cynical world, there are still a few heroes

THE TALK was to be on the subject of alcoholism, and I was wondering what the hell had made me agree to give it. My throat roared against the very sight of a podium, and I am powerfully aware that, as a colleague once put it, my speaking style strikes up thoughts of Martha Fisher.

My friend David glanced over at me from the driver's seat. "What are you doing now?" he asked, smiling.

"Just giving a few more changes in my text."

"Relax, will you?" I thought it was going to be catastrophic.

It is. But I said something to only on a case I go blind, don't I? I stumbled for another thirty seconds, crawling the margin of the nearly typed page. "Listen, what do you think of this?" "At the conclusion of these remarks, I hope you all feel free to argue. I certainly don't claim to have any corner on right and wrong. All that's sure is that I do, surely, it's skepticism." I paused. "I hope I can use up at least half an hour on questions and answers."

"That much?"

"Sure. It's a debate, isn't it?"

So much for contingency planning. There was, as it turned out, exactly four minutes on hand for my presentation that evening—and there was no last-minute change of course. Surviving the two-minute cry to hell, my hands were shaky, embarrassed, apologetic. One actually pulled himself in the corner outside and, for a moment, for a forty-second sleep. I was used to three others within. "I don't do ethics," I overheard another speaker inform him, just before he faintly disappeared in the hall.

Instead of delivering my speech, I eventually ended up taking the audience for a walk about, giving the audience to all present, except my friend—who, after dropping out of course to a New England apartment of his own, had altered his plans and doubled back to catch me in



action. "This is anticlimactic," he noted afterward. "I mean, you have about half an hour left, so why are you leaving?" He shook his head. "You should have advertised a speech entitled 'Celebrities' Interviewed.' You would've had a full house."

I might well have. But, then, I also had to acknowledge that I viewed the evening's outcome with worry as much as relief as the grin, and not just because of my tactical stage fright. The last is, as I had come to understand in the course of somewhat less formal forays into the public arena, those events tend to be something less than honest successes, even under the best of circumstances. Quite simply, the subject with which I was bothered—arguing in live light in an animal world—doesn't grab a crowd. It's too long on questions, occasionally unpleasant ones, and—perhaps because in an age where concepts are generally reducible to a two-

gle line of copy and the typical audience spots has been pared to the number of minutes between commercial breaks—too short an exploit how.

Even when the guy up front does not happen to be doing Martin Luther, there is a serious problem with the business of talking to people about values, and standards, and day-to-day morality: they just don't buy it. It is an enduring element of the human condition that we learn best not by rote but—on every occasion those present eventually come to understand—by example, that we are fundamentally impressed not by abstractions but by action. That is the enduring power of great literature, the reason why after a century we still suffer with *Huckleberry Finn* can be stirred by Sydney Carton. And, too, it is the reason why, within less than the span of the average American lifetime, modern-day television have altered the way people think and what they believe every-

where on the planet. Indeed, increasingly, for those who agree to make news must deal upon their lives, answers to the popular media as an absolute accuracy. It is not just people that causes so many failed print journalists to jump at the nearest hint of television interest, or that makes every socially committed American worried at the list of current best-sellers in film, those few directors and writers who back prevailing trends to turn out pictures like *Norma Rae*, *Alma*, *The Wind*, *The Killing Fields* or even those laboring on to replace Joe Adam or *The Evening Star*, who feel themselves able, in a single evening, to influence life as a million people. One can hardly estimate the potential impact of a two-hour *Spiegelberg* or *Lewis* entertainment that would dominate, as a light-hearted way, what it means to be desperately poor in the country, or a television moment in one of the networks to begin denoting every minute of airtime, rather than spend whittling away the collective con-

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service via the celebration of casual recreation at vast wealth, to programming around at prevailing as to think and level. I know a Legal Aid lawyer who even today, to those many years later, continues to credit his choice of profession to The Dodgers.

But, of course, almost all, no means subject to the influence of other souls. This is no obvious an observation that it would certainly not need to be made of all, were it not the case that increasingly—with persons like serious attention being paid to the fact—those doing the influencing, those for whom we have the most concern, are less and less who they once were: traditional authority figures. In a radically altered social landscape, one in which people of all ages increasingly live their lives outside the home, the opportunity for mutual contact has come to equal with mutual influence. Moreover, in this time of ever-falling standards, in which cynicism is as pervasive as the sight of self-respecting people carrying scandal sheets, almost every one—not even doctors, certainly not lawyers—commends automatic respect. Not long ago I sensed that everyone could teach teacher who had helped shape his view of the world or alter his outlook for himself, and a great many of us reflect back the idea of becoming teachers ourselves. The oldest work, at its apogee New York mail, when I asked a random sampling of kids—an even dozen, aged seven to sixteen—who they'd like to see they grew up, every one wanted a rock or television set. And only yesterday I ran into a woman I knew who two years ago named a child Lindsay after her mother—“Today,” she notes sardonically, “there are a million Lindseys—and everyone always assumes that my daughter, too, was named after the *Beats*’ *Woman*.”

It has become so frequently repeated a complaint that by now it is a very nearly accepted wisdom: there are no heroes anymore. No figures who embody what is behaviorally appropriate and, even more so what is to be derided in the world at large. Well, the truth, more precisely, is just that the ones we've been handed and chosen to accept are woefully, desperately inadequate to the task.

Now I've got nothing at all against Prince, or Cyndi Lauper, or Victoria Principal, or that guy in Knight Rider—even less against Michael Jackson—just, hey, when you are raising the most respected and influential individuals in the land, representing for tens of millions the highest achievement of human striving, we've got a lot of problems on our hands: not simply because eventually they will almost certainly grow up of Princeton and Amherst, if not of Yale, but because of the particular quality of the soul they will leave behind, since many of these who believe so wholely in what they represent have never learned to believe in very much else.

NOW, I'VE GOT NOTHING AT ALL AGAINST PRINCE OR CYNDI, BUT HEY, WHEN THEY REPRESENT FOR TENS OF MILLIONS THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT OF HUMAN STRIVING, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF PROBLEMS ON OUR HANDS.

The curious thing, the thing that is at once reason for hope and even greater despair, is that individuals of extraordinary character and dedication to principle are, in fact, very much with us, and in not unrepresentative numbers. But these we fail to note, let alone promote as role models.

Which brings us, in a very roundabout fashion, not only back to my detour in a campfire-speaker but to the guest star of this exercise, a seventy-one-year-old former baseball executive named Bill Veck, who, as you can hear, wears less in a Chicago hospital following surgery for lung cancer. The pity, you see, is not that no one at that school turned out for his open-air—hell, in their shoes I probably wouldn't have come either—but the virtual certainty that almost none of the students at the place are more than glancingly familiar with Bill Veck.

Not that Veck has labored in anything like obscurity. The owner, at one time or another, of three major league baseball teams, he has been the subject of more feature articles and is the author of a trio of autobiographical works; as recently as this past October, during the National League playoffs at Wrigley Field, he was discovered by an ABC crew and the Chicago media, interviewed, surrounded by Greek lamb chops, bantering with the Bleacher Bums.

But, of course, in this country there are fame and there is *fame*—the *People* magazine, *Time*/*Newsweek* money that gets a lot of public attention. And Veck, who is one-legged, hard-of-hearing, and possessed of a countenance that, it was once noted, lends him “the gift of instant homeliness,” is hardly the sort of creature to have been followed by the previously pious or by television, not, one is certain, to have pursued them.

Thus it is that even followers of his game often know him as a single dimension, as that rare baseball man with a sense of perspective and good taste—the guy who planted trees in the outfield walls at Wrigley, and had his office doors removed so that fans could step by for a chat, and donated up-embroidered scoreboards, and, in his most legendary hour, signed a million to a big league contract and had him suit up to pitch his last.

But, in fact, for more than simply a ballplayer's source of great anecdotes, Veck's rich, hectic life has been among the most meaningful of his age. “It has been said,” wrote sportswriter Thomas Boswell a few years back, in what might be the definitive profile of that endlessly complex soul, “that courage is man's chief virtue because it makes all other virtues

possible. Veck has always had the courage to follow his instincts unquestioningly.” And to do this.

I will never forget the kid in my junior high school class, a little Irish guy, who became the first person I knew personally to involve himself in the civil rights movement, this was in 1961, mind you, when to picket even in the North usually elicited suggestions that one get one's ass back to Russia. And one day I asked this kid what had gotten him started. “My dad is from Cleveland,” he said simply, and he looked a lot about like Don Bill Veck in 1947.

That was the year that, in answer of the Indians, Veck broke the color line in the American League. Since those months earlier Branch Rickey had brought Jackie Robinson into the National, the move tends to be forgotten today, or regarded as a matter of course. But it is equally arguable, in retrospect, that, working in a more conservative time and a more conservative league, Veck took even more heat than did his counterpart in Brooklyn. He received almost twenty thousand hate letters that season—and answered each of them individually.

Not so incidentally, unlike Rickey, Veck has never made it into baseball's Hall of Fame, the result of his having managed over the years to donate so many of those used to getting things way. “He has one find,” says Hank Greenberg, who once hit home runs in Veck's company. “He refused to know to the people who expected him to.” “I'd rather give a speech at the federal penitentiary on the Gold Coast,” Veck told *Newsweek*. “And I listen to go over better than too.”

I have found nothing on the record to indicate that Veck is bothered by Cooperstown's snub. Nor, it is reasonable to assume, has he lost much sleep over the fact that so few of his countrymen are aware of what he has been about all these years, indeed, that he has been here at all.

But, then, as a world as desperately in need of attention in humanity as this one—a world in which MTV and the Macdonalds are regarded as unimpeachable fixtures of daily life and *Thoreau* is read only under duress—that is hardly Veck's problem. It is ours.

DAVID STEIN is the author of *Edgely* (and other Labyrinths) published by St. Martin's Press.



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SPORTS CLINIC

BY MICHAEL ROZEK

EARNING TO FLY

If you believe, Ray Bright can help you do it

TO THE average observer, the techy young people in the gym at California State University at Chico would seem to be just jumping off a five-foot-high platform onto a trampoline. Nothing exotic. They're not pulling flip cards or wearing flight suits or extra padding. But when viewed another way, they are flying.

Three years ago forty-three-year-old Ray Bright, the men's gymnastics team coach at Chico, began teaching both his gymnasts and physical education students "bflight," a course and theory he conceived. Bflight is partly a shift in conventional thought: a belief that any time your feet leave the earth, it only for a moment, you're flying. Partly, it's an act of faith: once you're in the air, you will know how to fly. And partly it's navigation: once your body is off the ground, you can learn how to move the way you want. It's Ray Bright's beliefs as well as his willingness to convert that human beings have a capacity to fly and that he can teach them how.

If that makes him sound like another California yoga-bushido-in-judo people their own left hand, consider that every time you go up for a rebound in basketball, jump to catch a pass in football, or lunge to make a shot in tennis, you're leaving the ground—or at least your natural plane of being. So, could studying these moments of "flight" make a difference in athletic performance? You bet. If you went up for a shot in basketball and were able to feel more in control than usual in midair, you'd be more capable of placing your shot someplace you'd come down. Similarly, when a basketball player's feet leave the ground, she's not just descending more slowly to avoid injury. Volleyball players could react more quickly in play above the net, and soccer players could time their defense against penalty kicks more easily.

In addition, understanding what it's like to be in the air could help you deal better with other airborne people or objects. In base ball or soft ball, batters could use it to their best advantage in both batting and in the pitcher's box. Golfers could track the progression of their swing through space, and tennis, racquetball, and squash players could gauge their position, their opponent's, and the ball's with more accuracy. Sports men in three dimensions already said it: business could too, they'd play them a lot less awkwardly.

But, to date, few people have set down and figured out how to achieve 3-D spatial reality in competitive athletics, let alone daily living. For though we make rocket ships go to the moon, we haven't figured out how to navigate our own bodies in three dimensions as well as we do in two. And even if you wanted to improve your own ability, how would you practice? Fall down a flight of stairs?

This is where bflight comes in. In the gym this morning, before his students bounce and soar, Bright's using it to give them a sense of where they'll be "I want

you to rotate as red, translate as yellow, and slide as blue." By the colors, they know he means the horizontal (red), vertical (blue), and dorsal-ventral (yellow) axes of the body—perhaps nearer to think of as directed lines: left in right, front back to you, and through the width of the body, like a spear passing through the chest—while "rotate," "translate," and "slide" refer to movements in relation to or about each axis. The terms, too, are only shortcuts to a greater complexity. When humans leave terms from the clouds, bflight suggests like right, left, up, and down don't apply anywhere, as a new set comes in handy. And translated, they mean flight is telling the class to bounce while in the air, drop their left arm, duck and rotate forward in their backs and land on some soft mats on the other side of the trampoline—to translate a second of time into a period of conscious maneuvering instead of a mentally uncontrolled burst of collapse, by using the same bones or aerodynamics as an airplane.

This morning, though, the class isn't very bflight. One by one, they come on and off the trampoline like circus clowns instead of magicians. "Let your hands catch up to your bodies," Bright urges. "If your feet and hands indicate you land, it's by doing what?" "Turning it on or off," calls out one student. "Right," says Bright, with the gleam of a Harry Hagen. But even after bflight's color-coded shorthand, he knows it's tough for anyone to see himself moving in space in 3-D. (Think about how uncomfortable a forward somersault feels.) So, approximately, he asks the group to watch him. As he goes out, all fit, he bounds onto the trampoline, bounces up, and does the moves in midair just as he's outlined them. "See," he says after landing, only a little winded. "I ran through the colors slowly. Eventually, you'll be able to do them a lot faster."

Within fifteen minutes the class is, and

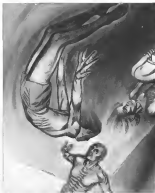


ILLUSTRATION: ANDREW DUNN

IN THE SEVENTEEN YEARS RAY BRIGHT HAS COACHED GYMNASTICS AT CHICO STATE AND EXPOSED HIS ATHLETES TO BIDFLIGHT, HIS TEAMS HAVE WON ABOUT 75 PERCENT OF THEIR MEETS AND TAKEN A HALF-DOZEN CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

if he performed the series of maneuvers as well. By the end of the period they're doing a more complicated series. The color coding, by alternating the students bodily awareness while still, seems an effective teaching aid. Bright's assumption—that the only thing human beings need to do to become fluent in the air is to empower themselves with the capacity to see and reach all the rest will come naturally—appears to be proven, especially since many of the students have never even done a backflip before. “Just remember,” Bright yells as they hurdle past him, “you’ll be able to go home and tell your parents. I learned how to fly this summer!”

But does learning how to fly through bidflight improve athletic execution, or even sheer ability? In the seventeen years Ray Bright has coached gymnastics at Chico State and consistently exposed his athletes to a way of teaching that goes all the way to bidflight, his teams have won about 75 percent of their meets, produced more than forty NCAA All-American gymnasts, finished in the Division II national top ten eleven times, and taken a half-dozen conference championships. “Before I learned how to put bidflight together with gymnastics,” says Mary Shugart, one of two women currently competing in meets with the Chico State men’s team, “I never thought I’d be able to do a front in the air. I was nervous to, so we did it in the beginning milliseconds, and I didn’t think I was capable of thinking that fast. But using the colors, I know where I am, I have time to make the right moves, and it’s safer.”

Still, gymnastics—let alone, a two-second bonnet off a trampoline—is not the same as flight. People have tried to fly for ages. Since the time of the myth of Icarus, they’ve invented not only aircraft and spacecraft but also hang gliders and parachutes (and trampolines, and wind gravity has been basically uncooperative, let in comparison, Bright’s bidflight could be seen as something new. He and his students are working with what human beings can already do, instead of trying to break down on the ground. And from these, guess that this is the new age, the era of peak performance, why should gravity be any less amenable than a four-minute mile?

That’s an issue Ray Bright says he spends a lot of time thinking about. He says, “Living in two dimensions as a life we’ve bought into. The majority of people other part of their body, part of the space around them, and part of their senses.”

And about space—the extraordinary kind. “By the year 2040, there could be as

many as two billion people living on the moon. If they leave this planet without the way they are now, they’re going to be sick in their stomach all the time from not knowing how to function under weightlessness.”

All that, says Bright, led him in 1988 to bidflight. “I always knew where each part of my body is at any moment and in relation to everything else,” says Bright, who added about bidflight’s effect on him, “and I can even see out of each part. If I jump, it’s the same for me as walking is for you. And if you put me in outer space, I’ll just set up my own reference points instead of the ones most of us use on earth.”

Though only a few people have heard of bidflight, his work, and the bidflight’s lack of association with computers, electronics, or other sexy elements of the burgeoning sports-medicine field, both as beginning to be recognized in the wider world of gymnastics as a breakthrough in biomechanics. “Ten years ago,” says Al Grossfield, the coach of the U.S. men’s gymnastics team at the last Summer Olympics, “people in gymnastics had no idea that gymnasts would be doing some of the moves they’re able to do today. That’s why I admire Ray Bright. Because of the sport where people don’t believe things can happen, people like him start working, and then they do.”

“The replication of bidflight,” says Dr. Gerald George, director of education and safety for the U.S. Gymnastics Federation, “could well be a new door to greater biomechanical awareness, not only for gymnasts, but for people in all sports.”

THAT’S NOW a way for you and me to fly five minutes at a time, without wearing wings, a motor, or a parachute. No lie. In Las Vegas, developer Marvin Kletter has opened the first of what he hopes will one day be worldwide chains of “Flyways,” or computerized open-air flying chambers—a fifty-two-foot-high, six-foot-wide tunnel in which an upward air draft of excess of 120 miles an hour, produced by an eight-hundred-horsepower motor spinning a three-bladed aircraft propeller housed safely underneath the padded tunnel’s mesh floor, catches a body quite considerably about ten or fifteen feet off the ground. (Two smaller chambers, devoted on a smaller scale, are located near Montreal and Knoxville, Tennessee. The Canadian facility was developed by a former paratrooper who built it as a stretch-alleviating to his family.) Since the Vegas Flyway opened a little more than two years ago, about 150,000 people have glided down ten dollars apiece to put on jumpsuits, sneakers, helmets, and goggles, and float around for the minutes inside. Meanwhile, Kletter has already licensed Flyways for Japan, as well as other parts of America, and says that he’s finding inquiries every week from military officials in countries around the world to bring troops—paratroopers, for example, learning to stabilize in free fall—in the Las Vegas facility. “I think people are going to regard flying as a combination of exercise, entertainment, and a test of new skills,” says the sixty-nine-year-old entrepreneur. “There’ll be flying contests, judging precision of form or how quickly divers can do specific skills while in the air.”

And every few months, Ray Bright brings a class of his students to Las Vegas from Chico to use bidflight techniques while flying in the chamber. Right away, most of them do light-years better than most Pilobolus performers off the street (even though a basic briefing is part of your initial visit, an instructor is in the chamber to guide you while you fly) because—simply—space is a place they’ve been. Functionally, flimsy in the Flyway have to know how to hold their bodies and especially how to steer with their arms and legs to stay aloft, or else their time in the chamber would be spent on a bank of cushions. But when you know bidflight that’s the least of your worries. Instead, you mostly want to see how high up in the chamber you can fly and try to make every centimeter of air time your own.

Of course, there are side effects. As Dennis Miller, a past member of the Chico gymnastics team, explains, “I’d been flying in the chamber and I went back to Chico and climbed up on a three-meter diving board, double-bounced, did a front flip with a half twist ending up on a backflip with a half twist into the water. And that wasn’t something I’d normally do. But flying eliminates the fear factor, and so after you’re no longer, you’re just able to concentrate on what your body can do, instead of being scared.”

“Sometimes after I fly in the chamber,” says Scott Wilson, who’s never been a gymnast but has taken Bright’s bidflight class and then flown in the Flyway, “I want to jump all day long. I feel myself on, even two inches off the ground. It’s the memory of flying. It stays with you.”

“The people I teach bidflight,” says Ray Bright, “feel what it is to fly, and, especially if they’ve flown in the chamber, that changes their. They want to have a new sense that they can act on possibilities in their lives. Because to fly, all you have to do is surrender to a possibility.”

MAZDAK ZOGHEB is a free-lance writer from Las Vegas. This is his first appearance in *Esquire*.





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SPORTSCENES

BY PETE DEXTER

A PORTRAIT OF EVEL

Some call his life foolish; Knievel calls it art

EVEL KNEIVEL arrives in Atlanta from Houston in a bus, pulling a small trailer. He parks it in the far corner of the hotel lot, away from all the other cars, checking all the doors and compact readers twice to be sure they're locked. "That whole trailer is full of my original art works," he says. "I sold one for \$70,000 to Dr. James De Yarnum at Pebble Valley, California. He's a hot surgeon."

And that is the first thing Evel says.

The bus and trailer are matching colors, clean as a spit shine on a coffin. There are three television sets in the bus, an oak cockpit, a two-passed dog with a concerned face. His bed has leather-shaped pillows and there's no body hair anywhere in the shower.

There is a refrigerator and a microwave oven and security cameras front and back. And cowboy boots, made of all kinds of leathers and steaks—have you ever noticed that nothing wears faster than a cow wears worth a dollar?—tucked neatly behind the bed into the corners of all the rooms.

Each set of boots has one heel one inch higher than the other, a reminder of 1967 and the failed jump over the fountain at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Failed is not, of course, there was a lesson in that jump that nobody who saw it is ever going to forget. The human animal, it turns out, is not designed to cross a parking lot unaided at eighty miles an hour.

Evel broke his back that afternoon, and his pelvis and his head and his shoulder bone and his motorcycle, and drove his legs up into his legs to land that one of them landed there and never came loose. And he lay there stopped riding, he'd been in ways those little girls who swing from carved parallel bars on television all winter long never dreamed of landing, and he'd described the consequence of every law of physics.

And he went to the hospital and almost died, as he often does, and then he came



out, had all his cowboy boots made with different heels, and did it again.

And there's something about that you need to remember when you consider Evel Knievel. When all the talk is over, he does climb on the motorcycle and jump.

At least he did until ten years ago in London. He tried jumping over Charles Dorey there, missed, and broke his pelvis and his hand. Maybe his back. There have been so many accidents, it's hard to keep track of what broke where. As a rule, he went to the hospital in London and nearly died, and when he came out that time he said he wasn't going to get back on the motorcycle.

He said he'd retired.

"I'd rode in so many accidents with my arms around my second oldest son, Robbie," he says, "crying, begging him, 'Promise me you'll never do anything like this when you grow up.'"

Evel shakes his head, remembering accidents. "And you know what the little

sucker did? He went out and started jumping motorcycle dies. He was better than me, better than I ever was. He let go of the handlebars in the air and makes the peace sign. I saw that and encouraged him, bought him equipment that, believe it or not, he wanted to do was smoke pot and run the wrong direction.

"So we got things started and went to Miami for a big show, and you know what the little sucker did? He left me holding the bag for half a million dollars' worth of jumping equipment. I went to his hotel room one morning and he was gone. Not even a note.

"I didn't hear from him for a year. Then one day he called me up and said, 'Dad, I see now that you were right about some things, and asked if we could get back together. So I got up some more money and he came up with this idea for one last jump. Fifteen buses. He says, 'I can do it safely.' These kids going to jump sixteen. See, that way

Robbie was't spend his career riding my contrails."

It was thirteen buses that almost killed Evel in London in 1972. He looks 60 now, seems older than he did then, maybe thirty pounds heavier. "I'm in good shape," he says. "I'm against alcohol, narcotics, sugar, salt, and all that other shit people eat. I do a hundred leg-ups a day, in two sets, and fifty push-ups, in three sets. I sign my limited-edition, private a day, and I never let less than two buckets of golf balls."

I ask how long he's been against alcohol. "A year or two," he says. "Two doses a lot of research on the subject and found out it affects your brain. Then it's down into your liver, and while your liver's fighting liquor, it can't fight fatty foods. That's why chronic look unhealthy."

He surveys himself to look around the lounge. A smile passes across his face, he drops his voice. "I shot up this 'ole one night," he says. "I used a .38, not my



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Mazman, but they asked me to move to the Sheraton anyway."

He moves into his abode of Primor. "You know," he says after a while. "I don't think some of us are responsible for our actions. I was just thinking about—what if that came true?—little starving kids being carried around on their mother's backs. I just sent a check over there. I was thinking it wasn't these kids' fault they were born where they were, and that they're starving. And I think back to myself, and I feel very lucky. I didn't go the way of all these and that I'm not back in Rome, Mazman, meaning war's boots right now. Or in jail."

BUTTE IS where Evel was born. His parents got divorced when he was young and he lived with a grandmother. He quit high school at sixteen to work at the copper mines. "All I really wanted to do, through," he says, "was pump or bangle. Of course, I was already a thief. I was a real good thief. I could blow a safe no question you couldn't hear it in the next room."

"I came to rob. That feeling I got made a bike was the same feeling I got when I started to pump. I still get it. It's that feeling that there's something stupid that's about to get you caught."

Link Evel with a coin who tried to jump across the border at Contra Palace on a motorcycle considers stupid.

"Oh, there's lots of things," he says. "A million costumes by and four you made a bank. Your engine can run up before you wear the camp. See, when you're going rubber miles on heat, you can't stop. You have to control yourself to the pump a hundred yards away."

"So sometimes you know what you leave that you're going to make it, and sometimes you had an idea in the air. And then you got to make a decision. If you've got your chance at it, you got your tenth and hold on. If you don't, then you relax and let go and just roll with it."

AFTER EVEL, left the copper mines and returned home blowing bank notes, he spent a year selling life policies for Combined Insurance. "I took every record the company had," he says. "I once sold 150 policies in one day. Nobody in the home office could believe it, but there it was. The president himself called me up to congratulate me. I told him I wanted to be a vice president or I'd quit. He wouldn't do it."

"They all got pissed off anyway when they figured out that I'd got into the Burns Bureau state mental hospital and sold all those policies to patients. They had money for candy and pop machines, so why not? I said, 'What's everybody mad about? Where do you think these guys are going to go to get killed?'"

Several years later Evel made his first jump, over two police trucks in Ingle, Cal don't. His career lasted sixteen years, three and a half of those spent in hospitals.

He broke fifty or sixty bones and had four more operations that involved putting steel pins into his body.

He says he made \$50 million.

"Right now, I owe the government three [million]," he says.

He also owns a coin named Sheldon Salzman, a shade over \$65 million, the result of a 1975 failed robbery attempt that broke Salzman's arm and went with a bail bill but.

Salzman had written a book about Evel and his unsuccessful attempt to jump Santa River Canyon in Idaho.

Evel did three months in the Los Angeles County Jail for that, and came out the front door telling reporters he had no regrets. "My incarceration will not serve as a deterrent, and there will be more innocent justice in the future."

So years have passed though, and everybody changes. "I wouldn't do it again," he says. "I'd have it done."

IT IS time to see the trailer full of original art. He takes him to the way down the hotel bar back to the parking lot. One is about his oldest son, a high-powered little bastard, who has made \$8,000 in the last week as a salesman.

Two are about Howard Hughes. In these stories Evel got drunk with Wayne Newton and bet him \$10,000 that Howard Hughes is dead. He pays Newton six months later, after Howard dies in Beverly Hills.

Evel writes a check with the notation "no frugal."

In the last story, Evel and his son watch his father as he drives.

He is still telling that story as he opens the trailer, but he stops mid-sentence, not to draw attention from what is inside. The door is open and there are prints everywhere—prints of a dozen cars, old cars and motorcycles. Some of the prints are—particularly an Indian wearing a wolf's head—have detail and proportion. As a matter of fact, they look a lot like the paintings of Black Jack Krieger at Butte, Montana, a professional artist who works for the art company Krieger & Associates with Legends.

"People don't believe I painted these because I'm famous as another thief," he says.

In the center of Evel's trailer—the first thing you see as the doors open—is a little, square dissected oil painting of a man in white sitting on a backing motorcycle. This picture is missing the detail the others have, but the angle and the shape and the character. There's nothing to the figure at all in fact. No reason for it to be there, except to sit on the motorcycle.

He stands back to take it in. "I call it Self-portrait," he says.

PETE DEUTER is a columnist for the Philadelphia Daily News. He is currently completing Debuter, his second novel.

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The Tax Adviser Is Uncle Sam on My Side or Hers?



The tax adviser in this column comes from Eugene Scherer, a partner in the accounting firm of Post, Marvinick, Mitchell & Co. Inc. in New York City.

Once the IRS intervenes in a divorce, calculating the final marital settlement becomes almost impossible. Recent changes in the tax laws don't make the task any easier, and there are new opportunities—and new obstacles—to bear in mind to keep taxes from adding stress to divorce, which, to no one's surprise, is now the law of about half of all recent marriages.

The good news is that the new tax bill makes a much-needed improvement in the treatment of divorcees who transfer assets to their ex-spouses. The old rules, for example, a

The new laws also simplify the rules about which spouse gets the dependency exemption for any children. Beginning in 1985, the spouse who has custody will claim the \$1,000 exemption, and the decision about who needs the exemption more can be renegotiated each year.

Unfortunately, the complexity of alimony is still increasing. The basic rule, that alimony is deducted by the person who pays it and reported as taxable income by the recipient, remains the same. But in an effort to ease the wrangling between divorced taxpayers and the IRS, Congress tightened the definition of what qualifies as alimony for federal tax purposes. Under the old rules, payments not designated as child support were considered alimony. But in 1982 any portion of a payment listed in the status of a child—such as a provision reducing monthly payments in response to a child's age or education—is not deducted as alimony. And in order to prevent certain past abuses, such as disguising part of the child support as deductible alimony, a new rule, effective in 1985, requires that alimony payments of more than \$10,000 a year must continue for six years to qualify as alimony in addition. If the payments are cut by more than \$10,000 in any one of the first six years, Uncle Sam "reconsiders"—meaning, the proper formula—a portion of alimony deductions of previous years.

Of course, there are still ways to get around the rules. Assets can be arranged to pass out of child support without generating tax breaks, and more can be packed into the property settlement now that there is no gift penalty. One thing is certain: The new laws do not make trimming your tax bill any simpler.

Reported by
Joan Conrad

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Money Terms

P/E has nothing to do with public school enforced physical education and everything to do with a crucial aspect of financial education. Price-earnings ratio (P/E) is the ratio of a stock's price to its earnings per share (EPS). If P/E is 10, it means that for every \$1 of earnings, you pay \$10 for the stock. This means that the price per share of the stock divided by the annual earnings per share equals ten. Your reaction to this number, as to so many financial numbers, depends on your needs. Let's look at the example, while Apple had a P/E of twenty-six, good old Xerox was hanging along with a P/E of eleven. If you're looking for a growth stock for capital gains, Xerox is the one you're trying to make a killing, and willing to take the risk. If you're looking for a stock that will grow slowly and steadily, then Xerox is the one you're looking for. If you're looking for a stock that will grow slowly and steadily, then Xerox is the one you're looking for. If you're looking for a stock that will grow slowly and steadily, then Xerox is the one you're looking for.

—David Wolf

SMART MONEY

Used to be that penthouse apartments always sat atop the tower. Now, though, you're likely to find them two and three floors from the top—without a break in price. Here

Real Estate Rooms at the Top

only, you pay more for the best sights in town, but wherever they happen to sit, penthouses provide great views with an elegant place for lady chatting.
—Reported by Jerry Gluck

A Philadelphia businessman bought this 1,500-square-foot penthouse, on the 30th-second floor of a building designed by I. M. Pei in the heart of Society Hill, for \$130,000. She finished it with a thirty-year fixed mortgage. She views through the above-floor floor-to-ceiling windows include the historic district, the Philadelphia skyline, and the Delaware River. The living and dining room area is wrapped with windows, and there is a master bedroom suite and a guest bedroom with full bath. The kitchen is finished with dark ceramic tile, and the rest of the penthouse has hardwood parquet floors.

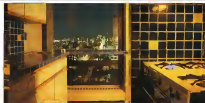
Photo: David Goodwin/Photo. Penn. area photo.

This penthouse, on the twenty-seventh floor of a building on Russian Hill, has views of the Golden Gate and Bay bridges, from the East Bay to Marin County. The owner, a single woman in her late 30s, pulled and renovated the three-bedroom condominium. Now there is a master bedroom suite and a guest bedroom with bath. Extra space from the third bedroom was used to enlarge the living room into an L-shaped living, dining, and den area. There is also a built-in breakfast nook near kitchen. The condominium, priced at a half-million dollars, was financed with a forty-year adjustable mortgage.

Photo: David Goodwin/Photo.

A Boston couple who own a beverage company bought this twenty-eighth-floor penthouse for \$2 million, then spent another million to finish it. The elevator opens directly onto an entry hall with a crystal chandelier and a marble fountain. There are hardwood ceilings and four bedrooms with white marble floors. The living and dining rooms have floor-to-ceiling windows. The kitchen has a marble island, and the rest of the penthouse is covered in marble tile. The living room leads to the library, which has a walk-in, underground, and in the master bedroom suite. There are also rooms for two more. The current value is estimated at \$2.5 million.

Photo: David Goodwin/Photo.



PHILADELPHIA



SAN FRANCISCO



HOUSTON

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First factors of our pending acquisition swept through the office like an F5 wind carrying with it a dry kiln of fear and the chill of mortality. As sales reps, Markley, our department secretary, heard first. Strategists in dark-blue suits with intricate patterns had been seen in heavy clouds on the forty-first floor. Meetings had stricken into the hours and tiny hours, and there had been no food. And no drink. That certainly wasn't our corporate culture calling the shots.

"It's a merger," said Markley, now sporting in a minuscule whisper that barely cleared her throat. "You know what that means."

We didn't. On the one hand, the official pronouncement on our new status was downright encouraging. "We've acquired you folks because we think you're great, with great products and great people," said the chairman of our Parent Co. "We anticipate no major changes and look forward to working with all of you as new members of our large and happy family." On the other hand, we were damned. As an successor of now and new, we had already appeared, and a stream of appointment announcements began cascading from the public relations department. Some were departmental, some more than one vice-president, one of whom—the former—was doubly redundant. An old executive put it, "I didn't say new and they have every right to play with it. But I'm going to put my résumé on the Wang immediately, and I advise you to do the same."

This turned out to be added advice. Today, between 10 and 15 percent of us are part of the old company. Those departed include our former chairman—bushel from the corporate mythology as completely as Trotsky from the minds of all good Russians—and 90 percent of his team, officers of the corporation one and all. Many still roam the regularized and dimly lit twenty-third floor, where old files have gleamed, and business cards, and windows to bid off.

An merger became pan-

The Strategist Is There Life After Merger?



demic in every business from oil to electronics, with immense corporate entities swallowing up small underdoged ones like pizza-in-blankets, it may be useful to look at steps some have found successful in staying afloat. For those with ambitions, a merger doesn't have to be a disaster; it can present an opportunity to ascend very fast, usually over the heads of those who are less ambitious, less energetic, or less tenacious.

Your first move is to establish the new corporate culture, starting with the dress code. For the most part, we had dressed in brown, green, and other vegetable colors. They were cool, elegant, in dark blue or gray, with shirts that glinted under the high-intensity track lighting and ties that sported a hint of pink dot or subtle in paisley patterns. Our desks were piled high with paper; you could bounce a quartered there. We pseudo-masochized on every conceivable subject, distributing copious memos of duplications, their broad-brimmed, informal charts and flowcharts leaping jottings that left no trace. It was clear that those of us who wanted to hang in there would have to acquire the new culture and wear it publicly, even conversationally, right away.

One colleague reports that, after a meeting with the newly

appointed president of his division, he plotted his way with a request to run straight down to Madison Avenue to pick up a new white shirt, all with the necessary shirt, all with shirts, not buttons, that same week, he bought three identical ones—all in gray plaid. He's still alive, so are some of those who moved quickly to blend into the official ambience. The issue is blending, which is what you're trying to understand.

Now you've got the odds; you'll want to begin making friends with your new Parent. This won't be hard. Most of the new people will be very nice—cheerful, excited to be in a new venture, a new city, anxious to be liked—in short, a lot more fun to be with than the sad and fearful birds of the merged rabbits your old friends have become. You may have to play upon occasion. It might not come naturally for you to lean into the meandering office of some hardworking grand and upon forth good fellowship. A few tip: hobbies are a good door opener. This man elevated the executive, the man entrusted he usually is with his antique guns, boats in bottles, boats out of bottles, toy banks, game fishing, some E-crazy driven manager has a secret, and well-framed passion that makes life bearable when he is

forced to be away from the office for brief periods of time.

But the best way to acclimate to the heart of your Parent is through good old-fashioned labor. Because indispensable. In the first days of our merger the word came down from our Houston headquarters to get less. In response, an eighty-meeting was held on the sixty-first floor. Each executive was asked to bring a bit of personal life or the would not require if push came to shove, which it had. Lots in the great conversations, our new chairman turned to a vice-president and asked, "What about Betty Barker?" She gave a management-level reply. "The vice-president, quick-thinking and loyal to his vision, he said, 'First, look, but she's working on the Omaha project, and that still has priority around here, doesn't it?' There was a thoughtful silence. 'I'll tell you what,' the chairman said. 'Let her finish that project, then we'll tell her.'"

Everyone shared a hearty corporate laugh over this. Two years later the Omaha project is still going strong, and consequently, Betty retains her title and function. Like the rest of us, she's also a lot safer now, having lived through the first bloody wave of executives.

Those of us who remain remember the departed every now and then. Most of them hate our guts, and that hurts. But we don't spend too much time looking back. Something might be missing on us. We belong to the conquered, and this social minority gives us a tremendous edge over the others in our mutual drive to achieve. Success, or failure, or whatever it is, is a long way off, because we've learned to run a little faster. Yes, it was hard to watch body after body being cut loose to float in the wind. But we lost nothing. We had to do our jobs well, keep our sanity, and in the meantime preserve whatever we left of the old. Reclusive, entrepreneurial. Company we loved. We met the enemy and we are now some of them.

—Stanley Bing

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Bennett, Cohen and Jerry Goodfield, the makers of Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream, were never ones for the conventional manner of business and a name. Neither owns a house. Neither knows or cares much about portion control, bookkeeping, or turning a profit. Their combined education in their chosen field consists of a five-dollar correspondence course in ice-cream making from Pennsylvania State University, although they did get straight A's on the open-book makes tests. They give their ice cream away free to anyone with an interesting use for it, like the man who wanted ten tons to build the world's largest sundae for the Guinness Book of World Records. Since Ben's name came first to the ice cream, Jerry got to be president of the company. The biggest professional Ben and Jerry ever faced was figuring out who their customers wanted big chunks of cookies, candy, and nuts in their ice cream, as Ben argued, or a lot of little pieces for a smoother texture, as Jerry contended. But even that didn't matter in the end, because so many people liked it both ways that Ben & Jerry's Homemade, Inc., which the two founded with \$12,000 in a converted Burlington, Vermont, garage, is now worth \$5 million. Even Binger-Davis considers the company serious competition. Ben and Jerry, despite their best intentions, have become franchising, franchising and distributing, hiring M.B.A.s, and making money.

The two of them, each thirty-three years old, are friends doing high school for a long-standing agreement to go into business together. "But we didn't want to sell shares or something like that," says Ben. "We were thinking more along the lines of sixth grade or so." Their idea was to pick some specialty food that sold well in big cities and bring it to a rural college town, preferably one that

The Entrepreneur Scooping Up Cold Cash



Ben and Jerry Goodfield, makers of Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream.

strictly disallows of elaborate. Eventually they whittled their food list down to bough and ice cream, and their choice of cities to Burlington, Vermont, and Burlington, but the biggest marketing expense cost \$40,000 and Ben & Jerry's already had a sophisticated ice cream shop. "Each week the ice cream was sold in five samples they had sent away for," "Whichever came in the mail that day went into the ice cream," says Ben. "I remember with foodies, each one-batch labels as Lemon Peppermint, Candy Chip and Honey Apple. Boxes like: 'I suspect,' says Jerry. "Those and have a cult following." Ben and Jerry's theory about taking a big-city product out to the country proved to be successful. Just on the first day of business, May 1, 1970, long lines of customers snaked through the old gas station, and by the end

of the first week the two had to develop what they called the International No-Ice-Cream Sign, a cone enclosed in a circle with a diagonal line running through it. The restaurants lined up right behind the customers; Ben put a cooler in the back of his Volkswagen Squareback and drove around Vermont at least so he could deliver the product. He and Jerry rented more manufacturing space in an old pool and lobster factory, but it took them until 1980 to make their daughter their reputation popularity they weren't making money. At that point, Ben, exhausted from his marathon road trips, suggested selling their ice cream in pint-sized amounts of grocery stores be kept passing on the way to the restaurants. Jerry agreed, even though they found out they had to buy at least forty thousand pint-size tubs, and ten thousand lids for each flavor they made, at a cost of \$15,000. They had to get a Small Business Administration loan just to buy the containers. Since then, Ben & Jerry's Homemade has grown almost geometrically, by the end of this year the ice cream will be in stores all over the East Coast, with franchised scoop shops in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C. In April the company will open its first plant, which will allow it to make three million pints of ice cream a year; the new plant will be managed by executive officers and topped with a viewer's gallery. The company went public last year, but Ben and Jerry have said their stock only to restaurants of Vermont, a way of thinking for their help Ben is now president and refuses to pay himself more than \$40,000 a year, Jerry works only the three summer months, having refused to spend the rest of the time with his girlfriend in Arizona and leave the company plants be game of making ice cream.

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Loose Change

Thirty-eight bottles of Clarence Neuman Rothchild, 1945 through 1980, with picture labels done by different artists, recently brought \$14,500 at auction in Chicago. • A red two-passenger 1967 Ford T-800 convertible V-8, automatic, new paint, interior, chrome, and tires, with portable top, was recently offered in Dallas for \$17,500. • A year ago New York race-book dealer Peter Krass bought a book at Sotheby's in London called *Thump of Flare*, from the time of the nineteenth century, bound with thirty-one color plates, for \$39,000 (also a small profit).

—Terry Moskay



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THE NEW AMERICA

Changing Patterns of Life and Thought in the 1980s

COMPUTER CULTURE

The Koreans Are Coming!

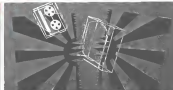
BY DAVID KAPLAN

THE 1984 SEUL Olympics are sure to be reported by the world's media as a vast coming-of-age ritual for Korea, but April 1985 might actually be a better date to mark Korea's economic arrival. That's the date the country will show down a challenge to Japan and begin exporting low-priced videocassettes to residents in the United States. Not one American electronics company—not RCA, not General Electric, not Zenith—currently manufactures VCRs. They are too afraid of the Japanese competition. But Gold Star, Samsung, and Daewoo, the Big Three Korean consumer electronics companies, are giving it a try, with suggested retail prices of \$349 to \$399, low enough to present a threat to Japan.

The parallels between the incoming Korean electronics invasion of the U.S. and the Japanese experience are striking. Sony's first product sold in the U.S. was a portable reel-to-reel tape recorder, imported by Superscope in 1957, that went head-to-head with the dominant tape recorder of the time, manufactured by Ampex. "The public's first reaction was, 'Japanese products are junk. Who needs it?'" says Fred Taschiro, president of Minicore (formerly Superscope). But it was a good product and relatively inexpensive. Before we knew it, Ampex went out of the business.

The Koreans, too, have suffered from an initially poor brand awareness. But they and the Japanese have another factor in common: color television. During the 1960-1970s the U.S. Department of Commerce determined that several Japanese companies were selling color TVs in the U.S. for less than they were selling the product in their home country. Faced with the prospect of import duties, some Japanese companies made an end run around the tariff and erected large-scale TV factories in the United States, thus laying the foundation for their eventual domination of the American TV market.

Last year Gold Star, Samsung, and



Expanding the Viewing Fun

Daewoo were also found by the Department of Commerce to be selling color TVs in the United States at less than fair value. Taking a cue from the Japanese model, the Koreans are increasing their U.S.-based TV production and lowering their VCR prices.

In terms of electronics, you can see the Japanese experience repeated with Korea, but it's happening at a much faster rate," says Kurt Moskowitz, an assistant professor of modern Korean history at Harvard and the author of a recent study on U.S.-Korean trade relations.

Korea's national policy to nurture high-technology exports began in the early

1960s. They are now getting to the point where they are achieving independent product development.

"The Koreans, it seems, will not be deterred. Five to seven years ago, Korea's sales of high-tech went a transistor radio. Their consumer electronics production was tiny, their quality was shoddy, but what's happened in the last few years is remarkable," says Bruce Peasler, a venture capitalist investor in the Far East and executive V.P. of Unisys, a U.S.-based electronics importer. "They're certainly number two on the Pacific Rim. They've walked; now they're running." The biggest question, of course, is whether the U.S. can keep the race.

PERSONAL TECHNOLOGY

Viet Vets On-line

By David Kaplan



THE POWER of the computer recently reunited two Vietnam veterans who had been separated during the war. The Ohio Veterans Veterans Leadership Program has joined the first computer bulletin-board network for veterans—the Military Veterans Forum—available on CompuServe, the national on-line data service. Members of the Forum can chat electronically with their old buddies, send and receive electronic mail, learn about veterans benefit claimants, and participate in electronic conferences. After the recent court case involving Agent Orange, the Forum held a national electronic discussion group to help vets determine if they qualified for disability payments. The Forum's one thousand-plus members have logged in nearly twelve thousand times in the last few months to swap war stories, conduct conferences, and even to write homes. "This wouldn't believe how many vets fought in Vietnam," says David Adelsky, a veteran and executive director of the national VVLF. The Forum also uses the computer to provide a veterans' locator service, which aids vets who need witnesses to substantiate claims with the Veterans Administration. Contact: Ohio Veterans Veterans Leadership Program, P.O. Box 16888, Columbus, Ohio 43216, tel. 614-235-0363.



Architecture: Looking East for Tools and Talent

BY JONATHAN JOSEPH

THE LATEST HIGH-TECH import from Japan is not high technology, but high technique. The art of traditional Japanese carpentry, much of it influenced by temple builders in Japan, is beginning to establish itself on the West Coast. Perhaps twenty-five Japanese-trained carpenters ply their trade in California, Oregon and Washington. A dozen shops have sprung up catering to their tool needs—crude-looking wood planes that are refaced by tapping with a hammer and steel tools with long thin handles that are polished rather than pushed. What better sign of permanence than the recent appearance of Japanese chisels at that American retail bible, the Sears catalog?

Crude though they may appear, these tools, in the hands of a master, turn out the finest joinery that is being done in the world today. "It is people, the development of the human spirit," says Leo Bruckett, the most successful of the Japan-trained builders in California. Bruckett, thirty-eight, spent five years of a fifteen-year *waka shaka* (temple

carpenter) apprenticeship in Kyoto. "I was a mason," says Bruckett, recalling those years in Japan's ancient capital. He had to be. Working with the finest temple carpenters in Japan, he used his prize *magyashira* workshoes with little pay, a day or two off a month, and no sympathy from his mentors. "Yet it is this kind of training, which Bruckett likes to Zen, that makes matters.



When Bruckett shares a cedar beam with his plane, slicing off a coil of wood as thin as one-thousandth of an inch and leaving a surface that is as glossy as varnish, he can tell by the sound of the cut if he is doing it right. Putting plane blades to shavings, he jinks, with his fingertips, the proper way to sharpen so that the blade has an almost imperceptible arc, or "nakuri," is it.

(A Japanese belt, saying *Togi sanome*, means it takes three years to learn how to sharpen a blade and make one's own spine.) And Bruckett claims that just by watching every familiar craftsman's "aban isse" and "attenshi" for a few minutes as he moves about the shop, he can tell whether he has understood an apprenticeship.

Bruckett and his two partners work out of their 3,000-square-foot shop in the Sierra Nevada foothills near Nevada City, California. It is there that they erect all of the intricate joints on the posts and natural log beams that form the framework for their houses. In the shop they also build the sliding doors (white paper and wood doors). Carefully pushed in a track, the house is then shipped to the building site, where it is expected like a massive puzzle, with few nails. Though he uses a simple pattern board and blampras, "I still have to keep it all in my head," Bruckett says.

The science of tension after a job is never done by body can stand. "Whenever I finish a house, I get sick with a fever for a week," says the carpenter.

Japanese architectural styles are not new in this country. Decades ago, Frank Lloyd Wright and Green & Green incorporated Japanese elements into their buildings. But for the first time, Japanese-trained American carpenters are introducing "pure" Japanese qualities of simplicity and serenity.

But mastery is hardly the American ideal these days. Bruckett, for one, realizes this and is trying to bring about a cross-cultural message of clean Japanese sparseness and the American desire for creature comforts. Bruckett has kindly lent the editing of his third project, a 2,600-square-foot house that he will soon assemble in the San Francisco Bay Area, to accommodate mixed reactions, which then become window seats. He



For his practice Bruckett works with the leader of Japan's temple carpenters

has replaced the straw tatami mats with plywood so that occupants may wear shoes indoors and use Western furniture.

Still, drawbacks remain. "I am impressed, very impressed, with the simplicity and the poetry," said Ben Minko, the premier custom-furniture maker in the United States, after visiting one of Bruckett's homes. "But it is not as all practical for the

American way of living." It's not the smaller scale of the houses, the objection to price: At \$99-\$140 per square foot, the cost is the going rate for a custom-built home, but steep for the average suburban tract house. Another problem is that the kind of intricate joinery used in



Shaping wood as thin as one-thousandth of an inch, a Japanese tool makes a simple pattern.

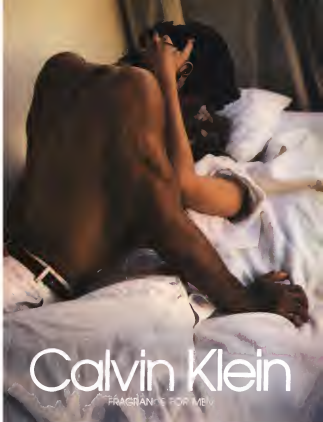
Japanese post-and-beam construction "is out of all bounds" for mass production, according to one expert.

But Bruckett doesn't want to build factory houses with his Japanese carpentry. "It is not like a cruise missile, where all the technology is mechanical," says Bruckett, thoughtfully looking at the wood plans in his hand. "The technology is human."

One drawback of the intricate joinery is that it is time-consuming. In Japan production is



PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE MARSHALL



Calvin Klein

FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

BODY & SOUL

BY WILLIAM HAUSER

LAST SEPTEMBER last New York Times interpreted the gourmet view that conventional caviar is out and the golden age of the sea urchin (uni) is in. But the newspaper of record missed the bigger fish story. For also coming into vogue are goose-neck barnacles (Grenouille), sea cucumbers (mousses), Kaliki's whelks (in salads), and spiny dogfish (smoked).

Americans are skewering strange seafoods thanks to Seafood '91 (May 1). Kato, a scientist with the National Marine Fisheries Service in Tiburon, California. While some people say this is scraping the bottom of the sea barrel—"trash fish"—Kato disagrees: "That's ridiculous. What's trash? One person is a delicacy to another," he says. "It's a matter of cultural differences."

Kato's public career as a promoter of strange seafoods originated with the sea urchin in the 1970s. Japanese chose black,

"I'm Barnacle Bill, the Sandwich"



Sea urchin: a delicacy to some

spiky perceptions of the sea but long been appreciated here. In America, however, the sea urchin was considered little more than a nuisance, a destroyer of kelp beds. California divers regularly

staged anti-cannibalism campaigns. Kato put two and two together. He contacted seabed buyers in Japan, and a market for California urchins in that country was established. Today commercial divers in California collectively earn over \$4 million per year doing for urchins, and Kato has become known in commercial diving posts as the "father of the sea urchin industry."

Currently Kato is developing markets for other marine oddities—including sea cucumbers (which, when deep fried, taste like clams) and Kaliki's whelks, a type of mollusk that makes his cucumber is used to periwinkle or solids. And he is having a look at spiny dogfish, a type of bottom shark that, smoked, is a delicacy in Germany and France but is not considered "junk fish" by American fishermen, who throw them overboard when the fish are accidentally caught.

Kato has made fish sales out of the pelagic and crustacean that were brought by the millions to California from Mexico at the El Niño current, and he has tried raising the North Pacific kiel, long reported as nothing more than food for whales, deep-fried. Can M-Sica. Slug be far behind?

New America's People

BY ALVIN BARKER



As the United States enters its second century, change has been coming and will continue to come. The new century will be a time of great change, and it will be a time of great challenge. The new century will be a time of great opportunity, and it will be a time of great risk.

Through the centuries, the American dream has been a dream of a better life. It has been a dream of a life of freedom, of a life of opportunity, of a life of achievement. It has been a dream of a life of a better future, of a life of a better world. It has been a dream of a life of a better America, of a life of a better people.

The Athlete's Computer

SOME OLIMPIC ATHLETES last year worked out with computers as well as weights. Now college athletes from Toronto to Hawaii will have the same opportunity.

Everett's (McKinzie) Ergometer (Alan Genik, literally a "five-minute work meter") has been adapted to test javelin throwers, swimmers, water polo players, and Nordic skiers.

In its original incarnation, the Ergometer was called the (McKinzie Five Bench). The work out on it, an athlete lies face down on the bench, grabs the hand paddles connected to a computer by thin cables, and begins strokes as if he



ERGOMETER: FIVE BENCH

PERSONAL TECHNOLOGY

by Patrick Koff

There is a goal. The machine offers resistance in proportion to the force applied by the swimmer. And the computer does at each of four strength-training stations. A computer program tells each athlete how he has performed compared with previous workouts.

The Ergometer has become a staple in university athletic departments (Wiscum) Ohio State, Yale, and SUNY Buffalo are among the dozens of owners), and it is beginning to appear at health clubs and physical therapy centers as well.

DON'T MISS

The year according to Esquire:

OUTRAGEOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

January. Esquire at its wildest. A collection of the best and probably dumbest events of the past year.



Loser! A collection of the best and probably dumbest events of the past year.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

June. Collector's issue! A trip to 32 American cities and towns that exemplify our national character. The people, the places, the history, and the future. Celebrated and glorified by America's finest journalists.



FALL FASHION PREVIEW

September. Looks to launch you into a better lifestyle. You don't have to. But you can. Just the quality lifestyle you've come to depend on.



HOME DESIGN ARCHITECTURE

July. As to design look at the professional's approach to his home environment. Interiors, building details, decorative, solid masculine class.



HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

November. Two! Esquire's a dancer for two! or cocktails for twenty. Esquire's a dancer for two! or cocktails for twenty. Esquire's a dancer for two! or cocktails for twenty.



THE ESQUIRE REGISTER

December. Our annual salute to extraordinary Americans, all under the age of 40. Their name, biography, vitality. Their impact on our lives and on our future. Chosen by the best writers in America.



MONEY February

February. Making it Spreading it. Saving it. Investing it. Plus... your new edition "Smart Money" now monthly.

SUMMER READING

August. Esquire brings you the best new fiction around. Plus a look at what's in progress. A veritable national reading list.

SPRING FASHION March

March. Not just jackets, pants, skirts and ties. But trunks, accessories, shoes. How much you can spend. How little you need to.



TRAVEL April

April. Unique tips for September. Where to visit through out the world. When to visit. The best way to get there. Where to stay. What to do after business is done. And it's time for fun.

WINTER April

April. Unique tips for September. Where to visit through out the world. When to visit. The best way to get there. Where to stay. What to do after business is done. And it's time for fun.

WINTER April

April. Unique tips for September. Where to visit through out the world. When to visit. The best way to get there. Where to stay. What to do after business is done. And it's time for fun.



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By Permit Only

BY RICHARD RAPPAPORT

IF YOU'RE THIRTEEN parking lately in cities such as San Francisco, New Orleans, Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, or Boston, you may have seen signs like this one. TWO SPOTS, PLEASE. VISITORS, PLEASE. NO WITH AKA. AKA'S, PLEASE. Drive a few more blocks in Area B or C. The warnings are part of the Residential Permit Parking laws. And for commuters accustomed to parking on quiet streets close to work, these alphabetical areas spell trouble.

First introduced in this country a dozen years ago in Cambridge, Massachusetts, permit parking is popular in neighborhoods plagued by transient commuter cars. Residents are assigned permits that give them the unlimited right within the law to park in their own neighborhood. They may also purchase additional permits for visitors. But the public at large cannot buy these coveted stickers. As a result, their use of those spaces is generally restricted to two hours during the business part of the day.

Commuters, anxious to hold on to their neighborhood parking spaces, tried to abuse the system once in an Arlington, Virginia, test case. But in 1977 the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the legality of permit parking. News of that victory promptly spurred groups like the San Francisco's Telegraph Hill Dwellers Association, to start permit parking programs in their own cities.

Most cities use permit parking selectively to relieve congestion in residential areas near downtowns, hospitals, universities, or transit stations. But some cities have taken the idea further. In Cambridge a recent decision forced

Cambridge residents of parking



Pulling Principles out of Politics

by Martin Morse Rosner

PHILOSOPHY, UNDER THE guise of the academics, has fallen on hard times. Professionalism struggle with the nature of reality. So some philosophers are collectively climbing down from the ivory tower and attacking current political issues using an innovative format: a philosopher's think tank.

The University of Maryland's Center for Philosophy and Public Policy exploits its proximity to the state's capital by using the government as a source of both contracts and ideas. It holds monthly Lyell and Hill seminars devoted to the philosophical dimensions of issues currently before Congress. "The most dramatic action we had was on the Surgeon-Medicaid [refunding arrangement]," center director Douglas MacLean says. "Here you had an issue with enormous moral problems. Is it right to tell mothers they can't come home?" The center also sponsors "working groups," held in conjunction with other research projects these groups have attracted from Harvard, Tufts University, the University of Iowa, former senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts, and New York representative Stephen Solarz.

The center's philosophers are preparing articles on such diverse subjects as feminist theories on consumer pornography and whether nuclear weapons are "rational" enough never to be used. MacLean can't say whether his staff has withdrawn as usual, but for him, his accomplishments are higher than profits. "Everyone wants easy solutions to their own easy problems," MacLean says. "We want to show that answers aren't that easy after all."

the city to extend permit parking to seventy of its 125 miles of streets. And the program is in force twenty-four hours a day, six days a week.

With permits selling for anywhere from three dollars (Cambridge) to ten by cities like Berkeley, California, and with additional revenue generated by increased parking tickets, the programs are generally self-financing. And although commuters are lured out, the permits do provide more free space for short-term parking, as well as having another important benefit: they force some displaced commuters to switch to mass transit or car pools. "It's a good system," says Cambridge's (1974) permit parking supervisor Myron Moskowitz. "That's why many cities and some communities are combating parking congestion this way."

The Book Is Back

BY TONY CHAMBERLAIN

GUARANTEE GETTING IT. A 1980 book by Oxford lecturer Anthony Smith, heralded a supposed trend toward the death of the book, predicting that computer word processing would take the place of the personal computer.

In fact, the book is alive and well. The Book Industry Study Group recently reported that total book sales increased from \$5,403.8 million to \$2,977.9 million in the last year open from 1979 to 1983. Additionally, heavy readers (those who've read twenty six or more books in the last six months) doubled between 1979 and 1983, from 18 percent to 35 percent of all book readers. Library statistics during the same period also increased, with more books per unit being withdrawn (3.8 books in 1979, 3.2 books in 1983). On the flip side, only one book, *Booker* by George Orwell, was available during 1983 on the Source, the Reader's Digest computer database service. Of the twenty-five thousand Source subscribers at the time, fewer than one hundred logged in to read the fifty-page novella. The conclusion seems to be that news and other data seems well suited to the electronic environment, but for escapist, even most avid fiction readers still prefer reading between the covers.

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A Pacanto Plastic

I'D LIKE TO say a few words in praise of plastic. Not just any plastic, but a certain Wood Plastic Device that is designed for giving pleasure and succeeds in doing so far more thoroughly than the "vaginas" requirements it is modeled upon.

Before you get any more ideas, I'm not talking about sex toys. Your congressman has been called upon to lead test the last growing category of body massagers and self-propelled back rubbers.

At first glance they do look like ergonomic sex toys. Most are made from wood ("carved from solid cherry," boasts one line), "barreled with Yang (i.e., Gimmie another) carved into ends with all of the swellings, ridges, grooves, and knobs. The colored packages are covered with pictures of women in leotards riding around on top of them. Then there are the exotic scents that suggest Oriental pleasure secrets—Ma Buller for instance, a positively kerosene stench of hawthorn.

Now all this would be irrelevant if they worked, but almost all of them don't. Not only do they fail to provide the pleasure they promise, but most of them can cause pain and, if you ask me, are probably dangerous. All except one ingenious Wood Plastic Device, which I'll get to in a moment.

The basic problem with your standard back rubber is that you are required to sit or down on the floor, then somehow lie down with your spine positioned between the two central ridges so that when you roll yourself over one of the ridges will give pleasure to the legs and the back the spinal cord.

Now an enthusiastic amateur masseuse can induce a lot of pleasure in these machines using only the thumbs and a little massage oil. But I have never been able to achieve anything but discomfort, pain, a sore back, and cut on my knees from trying to roll around on any kind of back rubber, large or so longed. That's even so, the Back Rub, which you're supposed to insert between your back and the back of a chair while sitting up. Also completely useless.

I was ready to consign the whole category of alleged self-pleasuring massagers as a hoax until I came across the Wood Plastic Device. This one really looked like a sex toy. Wicked in every

respect. It's a nylon blend rope about a yard long strung with two tracks of plastic wheels. Except the wheels are not round, they're angled protrusions in two different sorts.

Not only does it look wicked, it looks cheap. Stupid. It rattles and squeals. Very plastic in every respect, except on the very ends of the rope, where two little round knobs despite that look suspiciously like they were carved from solid cherry. Hiding in to these knobs with each hand you drag the Wood Plastic Device around your neck and then pull it back and forth, the way you do when you're drying your back with a towel.

But just a couple of pulls and I swear you'll be exclaiming, "Who was the master genius who invented this thing?"

Remember those plastic protrusions on the specialty plastic wheels on the cheap polyester and plastic rope? Through some amazing process they manage to dig in and grip the muscles and nerves of the back of your neck to produce deep healing levels of pleasure. An stimulating and nothing on the fingers of a professional masseur. Whoever invented this thing has calibrated its weight, its shape, its tensile strength, its plasticity so carefully, and synchronized it so exquisitely with the nerves and muscles

of the neck, that it seems to know, in its squeezy plastic way, the complete anatomy of human pleasure.

And I'm convinced that its plasticity is responsible for its success. You see, I recently bought a device called the Holy Messenger. It's almost an organic version of the Wood Plastic Device: it has latex wheels "carved from solid cherry" tracked in pairs on an organic brown-colored rope. You're supposed to employ it in the towel-behind-the-back motion. While it does give a mildly pleasant effect, it's nowhere near the shivers of pleasure the Wood Plastic Device sends down your spine. Why? The organic, tongue-like solid-cherry wheels slide too quickly across the surface, and they don't have those pinching plastic protrusions to impede the progress of the device and dig into the nerves of the neck.

I think new-age enthusiasts should give thought to putting more plastic in their products. There are certain things for which plastic is uniquely, indeed organically, suited. And the use of it will stop the unnecessary slaughter of living beings, there's nothing sadder to contemplate than the destruction of all those solid-cherry trees required to manufacture the perfectly useless back rubbers being peddled on one-ager but naive sensibilities. The Wood Plastic Device (official name: the Muscle Messenger) will save the souls of those hapless trees.

THE NEW AMERICAN CONSUMER



BY RON ROSENBAUM

General Patents

By Martin Morse-Wooder



Tired of tearing your mail with the envelope? Call it a new David M. Meeker and Harold R. Lifford have one possible answer—a quick-opening envelope.

with the flap attached to two strips and a pull tab at the bottom, allowing for faster and easier openings. (Patent 4,470,141)



Italian inventor Bernardo Mazzoni has just created a better toothbrush. It has a novel grip in the middle, so that the brushes can be pivoted and turned to reach areas.

And the joint places the brush at an angle, allowing for greater flexibility. It makes for easier brushing. (Patent 4,471,086)



Do your fingers get numb when carrying your head too many times? Ben Marshall and Bill Garrison of Hamble, Texas, have designed a gadget to stretch your scalp for you. Their device includes a series of electrically powered plastic fingers extending from a plastic helmet. New year fingers won't have to do the walking. (Patent 4,468,882)



And baseball fans keep box scores. Now, thanks to W. David Hamblin of Tifton, Georgia, baseball fans can keep detailed records of outstanding plays. Hamblin has devised a device that can quickly record an unlimited number of different plays. Hamblin's device won't turn your living room into a locker room, but you can at last have a gadget as useful as the coach's chalkboard. (Patent 4,468,882)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES COOPER

Christian Dior
CLOTHING FOR MEN
WHAT'S LIFE WITHOUT A LITTLE FRENCH DRESSING?

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Children of divorce
aren't the only
ones who have to
grow up with pain

by C.W. Smith

Uncle Dad

Years ago I called a college buddy I hadn't heard from in a while. We had divorced his first wife but had remarried. I asked him how every kid he had now

"Just the one."
"One? I thought you had two."
"Aw hell!" he asserted. "You're thinking of the way I had with Judy. They don't count."

A silence. Several seconds were dropped between us while I pictured these two fatherless children drifting into space without a tether. How

could a man discount his children's existence with the indifference of a clumsy adjuster?

But now that I've lived for the last five years outside the house where my daughter and son are growing up, I don't judge my friend so harshly. Maybe "they don't count" meant that since he had botched that job, he could hope for a better grade on a new project, offer "the one" as evidence of his improvement. If he had six very virginal over-matured arrangements, or if he wasn't allowed

to help decide who would be his children's doctors, teachers, coaches, or playmates, or if his former wife moved them to another city without consulting him, then I can see why he says "they don't count." When we feel our efforts produce only the frustration of impotence, then we cease trying.

That's a comforting thought. But then, as it seems to remember C. S. Lewis once saying, "An explanation of coming to rock a jinxed stone by reason." I keep thinking about that.



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really sink your feet into. All standard! All at one great price. At this rate, you could be driving a Mustang.

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*In auto built through March 31, 1985. See your Ford dealer for details. **Based on '84 model LXHP.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?



BEING THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE, I tried for just a second but met with resistance. My greatest fear was that Gay might walk them off to another city; the incident men I knew were those whose children were literally out of control, and I have one friend who arrived at his children's home one day to find the house empty and no answering address. So I asked my lawyer if I could legally prevent this, she chuckled.

They stayed put, though, and I took forbidden dogs ten minutes away in an old, Mediterranean style building said to have been the residence of the man who painted "Home on the Range" in the 1850s, the decade from which the "Fanny wonder" blazes, the Laramie and the cowboy boot-throwers doubtless dated. I was not supposed to have children here, my downstairs neighbors constantly reminded me. On overnights, Keith and Nicole slept in a stupor. Happily fed and brought over the covers. Looking out the bedroom window they had a view onto an alley where the wet, anachronistic drama of a woman left boutique met during breakfast to compare raincoat-colored hair and to pass a picnic, and sometimes each other's legs, among them. I was careful with the terror that my fully had left my own pink-checked ballets out of innocence much too soon. My best hope was that years later they could tell their more sheltered peers about their boys with voices dripping with bleak sophistication, maybe they could even all that like a badge.

In cold weather we stayed inside to play Monopoly on a rug as old, cross-hatched tones, showed through the burgundy wall. The weather was warm, the sun shone down to a nearby park to play flume with a spongy basketball, or take them to the zoo, where I would see other Uncle Dads doing weekend duty. We could distinguish each other from the asphalt, full-time kids because they were allowed to look back.

Once a week I drove Nicole to a town twenty miles away for premenstrual lessons; two afternoons a week I took my son to soccer practice or games. I took them to the movies and to the movies and to their up for PTA meetings, and talked to their teachers. I wanted to believe I was a good father, even if not across town.

One evening when they were wanting late, Keith climbed onto the roof to remove a chewing lichen and fell off, striking the air conditioning unit. While he lay screaming on the driveway, Nicole ran up and dove the black tiring to find an adult who could help before she phoned for an ambulance. I discovered the twenty-four-hour later. "It's not a bad job, just seriously hurt," I told Keith across the phone, as if I were a cousin across the continent. "You should be more careful." My words were altogether empty, coming so late and from one so remote that his

were not automatically spring to mind in an emergency.

I didn't worry about Nicole. She was adding through her days on autopilot, so I wanted I had her about in acceptance. To make up for her broken home I got her an intact Barbie. Sometimes when Sam and Barbie could all live happily with Francis, they had a working toilet and a patio, and yellow sun to rise late of her family eyes in Barbie had a wedding dress and they could stay married as long as Nicole wanted them to.

Meanwhile, Keith was erupting in purple rages. Where before the divorce he had been a model child, he now rained his superheroforce world upon things to adults and selfish people. I bought him a toy gun. In family therapy I'd watch him toss his arms across his chest, clasp his jaw, and pretend he had nothing to say. His grades tumbled; he told his teachers that when he tried to concentrate, he felt he could think about was the director.

Occasionally they would call to come "to do something with Keith", he'd be ordered to the phone, and if I approached him, he'd simply hang up on me. Sometimes he would tell me that if he didn't believe she would call me to come over to speak like. She never did, for which in retrospect I'm thankful to have barged into my children's home for that reason would have been a terrible compounding of guilt with injury.

He said he wanted to live with me. I was having the time of my life living with my lover in an apartment over an elderly landlady, and I looked at dealing daily with my rebellious son, and then the sorry fact. So I bought him a model airplane with a gasoline engine, something I had always wanted as a kid, and I thought it was good to give him what I had wanted (once I couldn't give him what he wanted), and I wanted to give a little chunk of my own childhood to this very Goo. Dad the Master (Keith) would give to Ward (me). Golly. It flies and it got a real engine! He and I and Nicole went to the park, assembled the plane, got it started. I turned over the controls to him, and he got it going. Then on the plane's path after a few revolutions, Nicole took a turn, and the plane took a vertical swing that ended into a loop that took it nose down into the dirt, where it exploded into pieces.

I thought Keith a little girl to replace the airplane. He and a new friend, who had spoked hair and whose parents were also breaking up, clipped a garage window with a shot from the Daisy. The owner called the police and Keith came home by way out into a cornered woman. I give her a little lecture, but I know that I shouldn't have bought the gun for her. Keith says you're just trying to lay his low. Gay reported, justifying his anger. They were wrong. I knew I already had

his love. I was going to lay his life over.

THREE YEARS AFTER THE SEPARATION, GAY announced that she was taking a job in Galveston, three hundred miles away. I panicked. I didn't have room to keep both of them, but I wanted Keith to live with me. He turned me down, whether from resentment or loyalty to his sister and his mother. I don't know.

For the three weeks that preceded their moving they both stayed in my apartment while their mother looked for a house in Galveston. I remember wanting to give them such a home that it might be that they I never be able to get me out of their memory. I did not want them and lunch room just like a model, and later on Sunday dinner so that when we all—my two children and my new wife—would sit down to eat, there'd be some sort of reminder that family life was still possible.

The Sunday before they left, when they belted at eating at the table (I seconded it was no longer required at home), I complained, hearing my mother's voice naming out of my mouth, that I had shown in the kitchen for hours so that we could enjoy a Sunday family dinner. Keith retorted, "This isn't our family."

I signed up for Sprint and wrote to people I knew in Houston, city miles from Galveston, about jobs. On Tuesday, November 16, 1989, I helped them pack, then their mother came and took them.

When they were settled, I called them nightly. I kept saying to myself, I won't be so kind, but it was. I was torn between not knowing what the house just off the bench was for, but I bought him a model airplane with a gasoline engine, something I had always wanted as a kid, and I thought it was good to give him what I had wanted (once I couldn't give him what he wanted), and I wanted to give a little chunk of my own childhood to this very Goo. Dad the Master (Keith) would give to Ward (me). Golly. It flies and it got a real engine! He and I and Nicole went to the park, assembled the plane, got it started. I turned over the controls to him, and he got it going. Then on the plane's path after a few revolutions, Nicole took a turn, and the plane took a vertical swing that ended into a loop that took it nose down into the dirt, where it exploded into pieces.

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them to describe every frame of a movie orally. I would let the content of this speech wash over me. I would listen instead to his reflection, the structure of his sentences, and to his mood. My ear was a microphone pressed to his voice. He might let his heart beat.

These telephone trunks didn't improve the quality of the relationship, not, but they did bring my frustration to a maximum and let me think that at least my calls were serving their main purpose—to let my children know I still loved them, still missed them, still thought about them. But my anxiety disappeared only when they were present during their monthly swimming visits to Dallas. High expectations would make me sleep tightly, whispering as I made any way down the hills of Love Field to where I would exactly await their flight from Houston. How wonderful they will be! I would have made a few plans for "family" fun but, inevitably, no sooner would we hug and start to discuss them than things would begin to unravel. Keith would want to see me arrive. Nicole would insist we would go roller skating, but Keith wanted to go to a party. Was they were twelve, going on thirteen, they did not mind living my house as a base of operations. Although Keith was usually quiet, he let me know what others he had named during his visit. In a nutshell, but they weren't comfortable about doing anything with Dad.

There are the normal agonies of parenting made more difficult by abnormal circumstances. Playing chauffeur for forty-eight hours, opening my life, interacting as if I was the most well-trained butler, I felt used. By Sunday night I would be looking at self-pity by Sunday morning. I would be complaining about being mistreated to what might be the next night once again remind me of what they had given up to be there), by Sunday afternoon. I would feel a wave of relief that they would be leaving, but by the time I would see them off, I could imagine how much they really needed me even if they didn't know it, and even some pain, someone heartily laughing following through my windshield as the southern sky would be still red need to feel connected. I'd never see them alone again.

We Used Dad's opinion as much from these visits. And it's true of the kids too. My friend Jim said that his daughter's visits in the summer that "she's always anxious to get home as soon as possible after her school year is over. She'll start calling as long distance and writing to notes several weeks before the course. She always sounds so excited about coming, but soon after she arrives a depression sets in."

We went through visits to be made "inconspicuously." May, an episode of the *Kidzies* where maybe a couple of orphans with bruised palms show up and get help for two segments before Grandma

arrives on what-for. Elizabeth, charges them, Mary Ellen hugs them, blue flats she's a few hours later, and John Ben says, "And so Mary and Louise discovered on Mt. Fuji Mountain what a family truly means."

Most of their visits that spring left me feeling depressed—I had frequent calls and received my blood pressure (on Mondays I would struggle to start even over the phone; the next morning hope to convince the hostess of Saturday night's party that some mail had been mailed to be taken as a joke).

IN THE LATE WINTER, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY seemed like a slim, waxy link. What was that? Somebody found a partly roasted pig on the freeway ramp? When? And what? "Not much," all the kids said. The neighborhood was a little wild. Then Nicole was told to have drunk a large glass of vodka once when she was alone in the house. I just wanted to know what of her life.

When Gary had to go out of town on business, I told him to let their house to take care of the kids. The house stood on stilts in a subdivision about a mile back from the beach. It had a high sun deck overlooking a coral-lined with palm, and the location looked like every kid's dream—a short walk to the ocean, quiet streets for bike riding. Keith, I was happy to see, appeared to be doing well. His friends had been teaching him to fish and to surf, and you could see him spending off to a smaller house had gotten with his glove hooked over the handlebars of his bike. His friends were run-down students and T-shirts, and when you saw Keith and them with fishing poles over their shoulders they were a firm, Norman Rockwell. For once, the nearest happy to see me and to introduce me to his friends, I was proud to be introduced, glad that we could claim family before people who mattered to him.

I told Nicole's new school teachers that she was a very clever, clever person in the garage with two flat tires, the cables and spokes and gears corroded by salt spray and pummed with air; their roses were peppered with posters of heavy-metal rock groups in which sets of young men—black leather and papers torn and powdered. Clothes and papers and and tissue lined the face; notes from friends were wedged or left lying about where even the most casual eye (and mine was) got the most colorful note; the horrific pinning of candy and discovering how to resist the vulgar. Dismissed the last dose of hollow-eyed, screaming Michael (like a witch) just behind the door and locked door the played Frank Floyd in top of the house. I did not see his old lady—she was still in bed, so I had to knock on the door and say to get her attention.

"Why don't you take better care of your boy?"

Strag. Close door. She would shuffle

out to fix himself a plate of food; then, moments later, disappear into the yard, and the color of cigarette smoke would drift into the windows. On Friday night I took her to a dance program given by some of her classmates where I met her friends, they all seemed older than her friends and were dressed in tight jeans and tight T-shirts, disheveled hair, and heavy black eye shadows—the sort of girls a twenty-one year old red neck craning in his back up would engage to be an easy lay.

Saturday, Nicole went out to the sun deck and lay in a bikini on a beach towel. "Would you like to walk down to the beach with me?" I asked. "No," she said. "I just want to get some tan."

She looked very pale, her blonde hair skin has never tanned easily, but in the week before she looked more contented. Because I thought this might be an opportunity for us to talk, I took her bicycle up onto the sun deck to dismantle it, clean and oil the parts, and restore it to use. Kyring pants, she began sleep as I began to pull the seat, and used from gear and cables. I took my time. I remembered how she slept belly down in her pajamas, one cheek mashed against the quilt, the other plump and rosy, her Capri-hood mouth open and little bubbles of breath on her lip, her big fingers tucked under her chin. And how I could lift her body with my palms across her chest and hold her over my head, and she would giggle and whisper her arms to make a bed. Even now she was still well under five feet tall and under one hundred pounds (and most of that in leg), but the invisible bell she had placed around herself kept me from even trying to touch her. In only a matter of months she had become an alien stranger to me.

The next morning, Sunday, I worked in a stranger's kitchen preparing a semi-soft dinner for myself and for them. Gary arrived two hours earlier than expected and I wanted her to eat with us. "This was the first time in almost two years that we had all sat at a table together. You could hear chewing, forks clacking on plates. Now and then she or I would say something playful. The way you usually talk with a stranger seated beside you on a plane."

Nicole pecked at her food, then abruptly got up and left the table; just a few seconds later Keith asked to be excused, so through the discomfort of the occasion had caused him, we ate in formal manners. I had the feeling they both hated me for the adult's pretense that nothing was different, nothing was wrong. (What right do you have to remind us that you're not really here? I ate for his cold laughter, and when I was finished I ate my own plate. Late what was left on floors.

IN LUCKY THAT MOST IMPROVED ME. I thought. Four months after this agonizing trip, my children moved back to Dallas and



begin their eighth grade. Whatever her peers now, I would be nearby. I could cheerlead her to make her shopping, skating, or a movie. They could spend parts of weekends at my apartment without finding I had stolen all of their leisure time, or I could have them over again during the week.

But they were not the same children they had contracted adolescence. They now sat in a pack at shopping malls on Friday nights. They attended a tough urban school where a custom suit with an ear-shattering stereo system showed up promptly at lunchtime to dispense the drug de jure to kids, and where small white boys like Keith were regularly threatened with an ice-cream cone pump of low-riders. Had the time be ahead to go to school, but he ignored the art of diplomacy by belittling very large black people.

Nicole's friend Alexis lived with her

mother except when her mother was on a binge, when she'd live with her father, a bricklayer, in a trailer park. She was dumb but kindly; I never had it that she let college boys abuse her usually. Nicole's friend Angie and her friend Denise dropped out, made some credit cards, and took off in a "barrow" with some eighteen-year-old boys and were caught two states away. For which Angie spent a month in juvenile detention. Nicole's friend Melissa was always so smart that her friends had to prop her up on chairs and walk her down the halls, and she eventually spent several weeks in a drug rehabilitation program. They stole from their mother's purses, they talked paint, they watched X-rated movies on cable. They all had a variety of parents but very little parenting.

They had no conscience of any kind, but they were agonized. They could recite all the lyrics to my Van Halen album, but they

I didn't worry about my daughter. She was gliding through her days on autopilot, so I stopped reading her shock as acceptance.

didn't know if El Paso was a city or a state. Three of her teachers were very concerned about Nicole, but she was faking all of her classes.

And when was it? Largely in the dark. I saw her alarming report cards. I talked to her teachers, but mostly I was bewildered by her malice and her defiance.

I was depressed, too. Having them back in town was not turning out as I had hoped. After a particularly grueling evening with them, I made notes for a new report. I suddenly wanted to write about a father with kids who do not live with him. It would

he floated around a single neckless mutation.

All-You-Can-Eat-Night at Penn Inn On "Fat Night" because the buffet attracts all the local white fatties who come to show down like heavy mealies in popovers which pants. The girl and boy heavy fighter is the star on the way here, cutting each other "arabes" and "kicks" between front and backside while he murmurs, "Don't say words like that." They're all over me from a long day, ragged with hunger. In truth, nobody seems to want to be here. They're doing time forever, he hasn't thought the right to hear them talk about their lives.

When their piece finally comes, he has to call his son away from a video machine three times, then he tries to make conversation. "What'd you learn in English today?" he asks him. His son cherishes "Glen here at home," he says. "It's the family talk." The daughter scowls—you want English? "Dad?" she asks, "have the words become and still been around long?" He could explain the chronology but decides she's only working him.

He tells her daughter that he wants her to not be a psychologist, and one segment breaks out. The son says that it stopped because counselors are stupid. "The point is from something," he says, "just ask me I know everything there is to know about her." He looks at her. She got something on her. What is it? He's hostile, indifferent,

angry at her and not too pleased to think that her bad behavior is giving it even her some extra attention. "That's nothing wrong with us," says the daughter to the father. "This is your idea, and I'll bet you'll even make Mom pay for the dinner tonight."

He feels sorry for himself. They disappointed him, he drops his head. It's much to be a few dad but also wants to be rejected and stayed and loved, he wants his children to want to please him. The absence of their things in his children drives him. Their indifference makes him feel rejected, full of self-pity.

What a babe! When I wasn't bathing in self-pity I could see we had to get Nicole into counseling. She agreed to a, partly out of curiosity and partly because she was a little worried about herself.

It was called "adolescent reactive adjustment syndrome," which means skipping school, flunking out, something else, screwing up, getting drunk, taking drugs. Her psychologist was a pleasant and intelligent, middle-aged woman who approached life with a perpetual Happy Face. She gave Nicole a battery of tests about preferences, aptitudes, and attitudes toward parents, self, and peers. Part of the testing involved making up stories to pictures that looked like stills from old movies.

On a scene in looking out of the frame

while a woman clothes at his body. The story according to Nicole, is about a man who is leaving the woman, his wife, for another woman. The other woman may be involved with the man and needs to be rescued, but the man cannot tell his wife that. He leaves anyway, and years later when he comes back to apologize, the wife has remarried. There is a child, when a son traveling about playing with a rock band (but he doesn't know anything about that—he knows to play). He gets so discouraged that he goes off and buys a warranty because an automobile, and dies when his car runs into a parked car.

On a girl in a tree looking down into a mirror where another girl is standing by. "Only the girl in the tree is real," says Nicole. The girl below is only a mirror the girl has of herself. She's wondering what she will be like in the future. The girl "is also coming away from something and she doesn't know what it is."

On a girl seated on a sofa looking over her shoulder at a man who is smoking a pipe and looking over the sofa toward her. This is her father, and they are having an argument. But the father then goes away to avoid any more argument. "He only goes to show that you can't get anywhere with someone who doesn't listen to you."

After several sessions, the counselor reported that Nicole suffered from low

self-esteem, and we were advised to re-arrange the position. But when you consider Nicole a counselor, she would consider that, "You're just saying that because she told you to make me feel good."

She continued to sneak out at night to join her friends, trapped at home, she'd closet herself in her room and draw the heavy curtains of the screen and draw that black and white Pary I first saw in Galveston. The figure had wild, electrified hair, a square jaw, a Frankensteinian forehead, large hollow eyes without pupils, and a howling mouth.

What the counselor didn't know was that Nicole was scared all the time. Her mother and I didn't know it, either. (Keith kept trying to tell us, but he had been caught in to many lies his credibility was low.) Arriving at school each day, she would load up with whatever drugs were available—grass, gan, Valium—and go through her classes, she'd even at least her sessions with her psychologist four quarters under the influence of some chemical fix.

Then, in April she took a home tranquillizer (PCP) with the street name of "angel dust." It scrambled her brain. Woken in her bed and told her to hurt herself, she mistook the voice belonged to not people, characters to whom she gave fictitious names such as Bertie and They looked like crabs when they popped

into the frame of her vision. Some told her to do "good things," and some "bad things."

Her counselor advised hospitalization. While we looked for the right place, she was "sequestered" in step of my house, out of much of her friends and whom my wife and I could keep a close watch over her. She was famous and deadly silent. She kept drawing that face and broke off only to construct an acid tablet. Acting depressed, she found an old Frutkin in the alley, washed it, and inserted it into the cut on a page from a magazine depicting a writer would seem and attached it along one side of the Frutkin's run like a backstop, she glued silver glitter to the floor of the drink. I asked what it was. "Scars," she grinned. The next day, she was a small started figure out of bed, a girl whose arms were spread in a cruciform position, and screamed it on the glitter-covered "stage." She then dug a clear plastic glass out of the trash and glued it piece mouth-down over the figure. She screamed at us about the size of her little finger out of white paper and glued the shoulder joint to the top of the glass so that the arm waved slightly with our currents. It was as if the girl inside the glass had an extra, detached limb which had somehow managed to penetrate to the outside of this otherwise unyielding surface.

It was a very little sculpture; it would easily have served to illustrate an edition of Sylvia Plath.

Going into the hospital was scary for her. A part of her welcomed it because she needed help and knew it might be an interesting experience, but when she realized that she would be kept behind locked doors, she balked. She could cut out an arm when or what she wanted to. She would not be allowed to take so much as a newly aspirin on her own. We were putting her in jail.

That night I slept soundly for the first time in two months. I was not only relieved that she was safe. The anxiety I had experienced over the last several weeks had finally equalized my guilt for having been responsible somehow for her condition, and leaving her in the hospital gave me a sense of accomplishment. I had earned the right to sleep. I could tell my conscience that I had, for the moment, made progress in life.

Her mother, her teachers, her brother, her case workers, and I visited constantly, and we had to learn to deal with the personality that had been buried under that avalanche of chemistry. She was being treated for depression by monochemical therapy, she had been numb for so long that when her feelings were finally allowed to flow, the wildly oscillating emotional upheaval alarmed her. She deeply resented our "help." Nobody knew her mind

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ABSOLUT

except her! Only she could solve her own problem! She didn't have any problems!

With each visit there were new, unexpected reminders of the Medusa taped to her wall.

But as the weeks went by, she grew more sunny, wistful, she had a looky sense of humor that endeared her to the staff. She made close friends with other girls who had similar problems. Some days she was more like the person I had known—and had all but forgotten—before she moved away to California. She grew beautiful-wise and expressed a desire to consider her a psychiatrist. ("I scared out as a group today, didn't handle things well.")

I went to the parents' group, where I discovered the obvious, that such groups are composed of people who share the same problems and that you feel better the instant you realize that. We were a motley crew; we had nothing in common but our troubled children. There was an aging baker with cancer who wore jeans and a Harley-Davidson T-shirt whose nine-year-old son was in the ward; he sat at dinner for three sessions, then one day he slumped forward and snarled, "I've been such a lousy father!"

Then there were Conach's parents. He wore plaid vested suits and wing tips and had the bland, milky-white face of a midwestern parson at an upscale Baptist church. His wife might have been a beauty queen at Baylor in the early Fifties. I thought they felt they really shouldn't be there, and I detested them for that. Conach had apparently taken me too seriously.

None of their friends had bad problems with their children, not, presumably, had any of their friends' friends. They were clearly concerned that Conach would be smothering with problem children here at the hospital, and they were also very worried about what their friends would think should they learn about this. They had no idea where Conach was learning to say things such as "I'm off." They had done everything right. "She's got everything a kid could want," he said. "We have good values."

I laughed. I relished their discomfort. I hated them for being so innocent, I hated them because they represented what I presumed to be, a pitiful parent. I acted up, I insisted there by telling them that obviously something had gone wrong somewhere. I should have been sympathetic to their reciprocal bewilderment—they could not find a clinic in Maine. I could, in my daughter's case. And yet, seeing their agonies, I determined that not everyone in the room was divorced, that such things happened to "nice" folks, too.

Perhaps I was not altogether in blame!

WE WERE HAVING LEFT OUR CHILDREN ALIVE with the burden of pain that makes pediatricians difficult. When something goes

wrong, we immediately go for our own people. What I learned in group was that nobody knows for sure why kids go haywire. The causes could be situational, chemical, spiritual, psychological, genetic, or social. (Of course it was in Nicole's case, because of depression.) And yet it is obvious that wholesale rejection by a father of his children will most likely leave a lifelong emotional scar, something my old college buddy whose son/children "don't count" may someday have to face. "Leaving" my children was not a necessary or even sufficient cause for it, but it certainly was a contributory one. My job was to minimize the damage. Whether I was in their home or not, I had better pay as close attention as I possibly could to how they were doing.

Nicole got out of stir with walking papers that pronounced her sound again, for which I am immensely grateful to the staff of that hospital. We kept her and her brother in constant motion over the summer—to camp, to Yosemite, to San Francisco, to Los Angeles, to Disneyland (she loved it)—and she started ninth grade at a high school for the arts. Her first report card showed a string of B's interrupted only by a C in science.

Keith recently announced he was tired of living with women, so I invited him to live with me and my wife. He said that he would as soon as I moved into a house where he could have friends over and keep his dog. For a while Nicole kept drawing conditions of that Medusa, though each successive version seemed to represent something like stages of evolution out of the slime. One of the last she did she colored with pastel pencils: the woman has blond hair, high cheekbones with a slight peach flush, her mouth is closed, and she has feminine lips, she can't smile, but the curve of her lips suggests a pout. Her jaw line has softened, and she has large, pale blue eyes with curving lashes. One brow goes up, the other down, in some last imitation of melancholy. The old girl seems human now.

She gave that one to me. The inscription reads, "To Dad, a very special person who helped me through a lot of hard times. I love you."

As proud as I am for having earned those words, and as much as I like to read on that upmost note, the truth is that no trauma is altogether resolvable. The other night Nicole and I were talking about her future as an adult; she couldn't decide between being an artist or a psychologist. Well, there's your love life to consider, too, I said. "Oh, I think I'll just live with somebody," she said. "I don't think I'll get married." Why not? "Because then I might have kids and just get divorced." ☐

Some of the names and certain details in this piece have been changed to protect privacy; the subjects of the photographs are models.



PHENOMENON.

Mon.

Newsweek

Tue.

Newsweek

Wed.

Newsweek

Thur.

Newsweek

Fri.

Newsweek

Sat.

Newsweek

The Week

We'll stop at nothing to illuminate it.

The work week. It's five days long. In the normal world.

But our world is news. And our week is far from normal.

The news week of Newsweek runs from Monday until Sunday.

Right when we put the magazine to bed. Except, we don't go to bed.

Because when a story breaks on Sunday, we have to be ready. We have to be ready to stay in the presses. To turn on a dime. To take a major paper's word and weave it

together even as it is breaking.

Yes, unlike a newspaper, our long week gives us the advantage of not only being immediate, but reflective as well.

It allows Newsweek reporters the time to scratch for the story underneath the story. To dig out from horse race journalism and

arrive at analysis. To go beyond the simple facts to reveal the human ropes. To tell people why.

The lengths we'll go to do this are evident each week in Newsweek. When the government wouldn't let the press into Grenada, our photographer put into Grenada. When the presiden-

tial candidates began the campaign trail, it was our reporters who went the complete distance—by living with them for a full year.

Our weeks haven't gone un-noticed. In fact, Newsweek has won over 600 awards for excellence in journalism. More than any other newsweekly.

Which reaffirms what we've believed all along: when you work into all hours of the night, you eventually have your day.

Nobody gets you into the news like **Newsweek**.



Mon.



Tue.



Wed.



Thur.



Fri.



Sat.

The week we had to write in a day.

Some weeks, it takes less than a week to write Newsweek. But not less effort.

The Marine massacre in Beirut was one of those weeks.

Normally, Saturday night is when we put our next week's issue to bed. But the Marine massacre in Lebanon early on

that Sunday morning was a tide awakening.

Minutes after the shock waves had subsided, Newsweek assigned a team of reporters to the scene. Back at the magazine, we stopped the presses on our issue due on the newsstands the following day.

As the details of the tragedy became clear, we scrapped our cover story and wrote the story we wished we never had to write.

We were the only newsweekly to bring you that story the very next day.

It was Newsweek at its best

a magazine with the depth of a newsweekly, yet capable of the speed of newspapers or TV.

Recently, that issue was honored by the White House Correspondents Association for excellence under deadline pressure. (An award normally given to a newspaper.)

It marks the first time in history that a news magazine has won this award.

In fact, during the last two decades, Newsweek has won over 600 awards for excellence in journalism. More than any other newsweekly.

And while the Marine mas-

sacre in Beirut took only a day to write, it was a story a lot of people could never forget.

Nobody gets you into
the news like
Newsweek



Mon.



Tue.



Wed.



Thur.



Fri.



Sat.

The week that took 50 years to write.

Some issues of Newsweek take a little longer to get out than others.

For our 50th anniversary issue, we decided we weren't going to rehash the news of the last half-century, but rather re-examine it.

For over 50 years,

Newsweek had covered the people making the news. This time, we decided to take a look at the people who had actually lived that news.

The common man and women who were touched by the news. Shaped by the news. Whose very lives were changed

by the news.

We selected a typical American town, Springfield, Ohio. There, we chose five American families. And sent a team of reporters to unearth the last 50 years of their lives.

The resulting saga took more than a year to research and write.

It was Newsweek at its best: in-depth, insightful, in perspective.

That issue was honored by the American Society of Magazine Editors last year when it was chosen as a finalist in the National Magazine Awards.

The National Magazine Awards are the highest honor

an American magazine can receive. To date, Newsweek has captured more of them than any other newsweekly.

In fact, during the last two decades, Newsweek has won over 600 awards for excellence in journalism. More than any other newsweekly.

Which goes to prove one thing: when you spend 50 years writing the news like no one else does, you can receive some nice news, yourself.

Nobody gets you into
the news like
Newsweek

Is the Japanese Empire Returning?

THE year is 1990, and Mr. and Mrs. Yamamoto, from Tokyo, have just run into their friends the Takezumis on Fifth Avenue. They compare notes about all of the terrible bargains the four of them have found in the United States.

"But the clerks are so rude!" says Mrs. Yamamoto, and they don't know the merchandise.

"Americans are so dumb," says Mrs. Takezumi. "We had a taxi driver who didn't even know where the airport was."

"Not all Americans are dumb," says Mr. Yamamoto. "They used to be very good in business, you know?"

"Really?" says Mrs. Takezumi. "How can you say that, when everything they make falls apart so quickly?"

"Americans actually invented the transistor," says Mr. Takezumi. "Look, it's getting dark, we'd better get back. You know it's not safe after dark. Did you notice that even our nice American friends have burglar alarms?"

"They steal/rob/canibalize one," says Mr. Yamamoto. "Hard to believe, but they steal it. Four million times self-delation, no selling for the consumer good. All the energy into litigation, power shuffling, take overs. You know in the nineteenth century the British were called the Pankration. Then the Americans came—Pank American. And now we have to look up for Japan in the world—Pank Nipponia."

"We deserve it, we worked very hard. And Americans are such a dirty people," says Mrs. Takezumi.

"Maybe we should have an aid program for them," Mrs. Takezumi says.

In other words, the Takezumis and the Takezumis are behaving, this day in 1990, just like Americans would have ten years before, on some Third World city: Manila, Lagos, or Nairobi—or Galtica.

This little scene is not set in Camel Back. Cheating America's Strategists for Ar-

rowning in Japan's Economic Challenges, a new book by Professor Ezra Vogel, but it might. It is my dissertation on the account laid out for 1990 in Vogel's book, which compares Japanese and American styles and strategies.

Vogel is a Harvard sociologist and a specialist in East Asia, and that is not new territory for him. In 1979 he looked at the Japanese book boom with Japan as *Number One Lesson for America*. That book laid out exactly the financial aspect in hard-core in the United States, but that Theory II and some of the other Japanese books that followed. Porter II, S. Ambassador to Japan, Edwin Reischauer said the true story would look the results of many generations. But it seems to have been the Japanese whose minds were blown. Japan as *Number One* sold in hard-core dozens of copies in Japan. Everybody likes to hear why they are doing so well.

A fundamental sketch of Japan as *Number One* Japanese society performs better than ours. Really? The life expectancy of the average Japanese passed that of the average American back in 1967, and in 1977 passed Sweden's to become the highest in the world. Education? The Japanese graduate more than 30 percent of all high school students, and their high school students are well ahead of ours. Crime? Japanese citizens said the Japanese can carry cash and not worry about it. And the Japanese did it all without nuclear weapons, or a crowded chain of islands. How? By figuring out where they wanted to go, and then getting everybody to go there.

Now Vogel is back to say you see what they did in steel and autos and television sets, now watch what they do with high-tech—semiconductors, telecommunications, biotechnology, computers, lasers, fiber optics, pharmaceuticals. When you talk about supercomputers (very fast computers with extremely sophisticated scientific applications) and fifth generation computers (computers that can work through

intelligence—that almost do their own thinking) then you see really talking about the industrial leadership of the world. With only half the population of the United States, Japan already produces more college graduates in engineering, and it produces 50 percent more electrical engineers. The Japanese take out more patents worldwide than Americans, and Japan is now surpassing America in the proportion of gross national product spent on research. (Of course, the US R&D is spent on defense, which has little commercial payoff.) One might say, taking the Japanese view, that the United States is like Rome in the late days: a big army, a big defense budget, but crumbling at the edges, the harder over.

In order to continue with the lesson-for-America approach, Vogel now discusses several Japanese success stories that emerged from what began as difficult problems. The island of Kyushu, for example, was the coal-mining area, horrendous enough that many of its citizens went overseas to Taiwan or Korea. When coal mining became uneconomical, the government stepped in with programs to train workers, or settle them, or help with a combination of local and national efforts that brought Kyushu good airports. With good air service and low labor costs, Kyushu became a semiconductor center. "Silicon Island."

The Japanese successes in computers and telecommunications and machine tools are perhaps better known. They all have the same ingredients, some form of consensus-building, followed by government action that helps focus the scattered (but powerful) energies.

The United States has had its share of consensus-building, targeting actions that worked, and Vogel teaches on these as well. With the New Deal we had a national consensus that we wanted housing. Third World success is the failure of The Many Goals, Superpowers, Powers of Steel, and Power Money

ILLUSTRATION: JAMES LAYNE



to remember, but before the creation of federal agencies for housing, a mortgage does payment could be 50 percent of the purchase price, and many mortgages were due in five years, which put most housing beyond the reach of many people. Nearly half the housing units in the country, during the Depression, had no private bath or shower. In the last fifty years, though, Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac and all the agencies whose names came from housing industry agencies, the middle class was able to reduce its debts of a home for every family. But it took a consensus, and then federal action.

Agriculture is a similar American success story. But we had no federal universities to support agricultural research, and price supports and agricultural subsidies and all the other interaction between the government and agriculture.

Founded in 1901 and Vogel were heading in the direction of industrial policy. With industrial policy, a national board in Washington would develop—much like the Ministry of International Trade and Industry in Tokyo—what the national directions and targets are, and how we should go about focusing on them.

"I do think we are going to have to do

more than you are doing, or our standard of living will decline," Vogel said, when I spoke to him recently.

I suggested that the national road seemed to be for less government direction, while "industrial policy" seemed like a mandate for bureaucracy.

"We have an industrial policy," Vogel said. "It's an ad hoc policy. We give aid to defense-related industries and housing and agriculture. We support the price of tobacco. We give relief to industries that suffer from competing by foreign exporters. We support a lot of R&D, but not with an eye to our industrial competitiveness."

There are, to my mind, at least two major arguments against industrial policy. The first is, look, what happened to defense. Our defense program is only theoretically based on deciding what we need and letting it be built exactly by who can build it best. But everyone who has ever dealt with Congress knows that, in fact, congressmen are sent by their constituents in wheedle money from the government. The process is as old as the Republic. Army bases are based in southern states because southern congressmen want the chairman of the appropriate committees when it came time to hand out the

JAPAN IS SURPASSING America in the proportion of GNP spent on research. From the Japanese point of view, the United States is like Rome in the late days: crumbling at the edges, the heyday over.

contracts. Wouldn't an industrial policy quickly be swamped if it were subject to our regular political processes?

"Probably would," Vogel said. "But much of what goes on in defense is secret. If you had industry councils, operating sector by sector, so which everyone could speak freely and openly, I think we could get to a consensus."

The second argument is: What bunch of bureaucrats knows which are future industries? Mightn't they pick the wrong ones?

"NASA worked well, and NASA was a small government group," Vogel said. "I'm not for an outright comprehensive industrial policy like Japan's, because we aren't homogeneous like the Japanese. We have to be the best of what we can do."

"NASA worked well, and NASA was a small government group," Vogel said. "I'm not for an outright comprehensive industrial policy like Japan's, because we aren't homogeneous like the Japanese. We have to be the best of what we can do."

WE have had a hero out of Los Angeles in the country. But there's still a—what did Los Angeles do? He got government support to build Chrysler and helped get the restraints that kept Japanese imports down. That's an industrial policy of sorts, I think that Chrysler would have survived without a bailout, and Japan's that of Nissan and Toyota had been able to sell all the cars they could make, without a quota, even Ford and GM would have been selling. But as it is, look, many-by-many string of cars don't and really sell in policy.

Without grumbling the 1990 superiority to the Japanese, I think we are going to need some new priorities to recover our some arms-control competition. And at the top of that list would come education. Our blue-collar workers don't have the sophisticated or engineering background to operate sophisticated machines. On the university level, we are chasing out buyers and M.D.s, but there are not the skills that they will be most in demand in a technological age, as the planners in Tokyo know. □

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PEUGEOT

Just Another Day in Outer Space

Steve Hawley is typical of the new breed of astronauts. One day he took an incredible trip through the universe. Two days later he wasn't even recognized at his local bank

BY JAMES RESTON JR.

Across the bay to the Cape it is as if time is turned back and forward simultaneously. In the black casts along the misted highway, senior airport crew break the surface of the water. Four thousand of the aquatics salute these legions, and you are warned not to take a dog or a small child to enter the bank's edge. For fear this acute fuge may collapse out of the water like a Plover missile. In the tangle of palm and mangrove and wax myrtle, where the sidewalk system by the millions and here to be done away from the spacewalk by burning off the undergrowth, the eastern downland cacti run five feet long, as big around as a rain pipe. And in the dunes, the Florida panther jerks.

The vigor of nature and of man. Here the primordial and the laboratory are a high order. Miles down the foot of land, an air Mercury pool where John Glenn began, the people have taken over. In order to use the main and appreciate the warning of the scrub grass peeling through the mass of cactus, you need a special pass.

On the night of August 28, 1984, commuters by the score head into buses and are driven out to Pad 39-A at dusk. This is the spectacle of "the red tide," the space version of the sea of bass at Versailles,



Just because space is the final frontier doesn't necessarily mean that things don't sometimes get really boring up there.

perched below each shuttle launch for the privileged. The sky is magnificent. Not far away, against faint blue and purple, an excess hydrogen gas burned off, and in the foreground a starcage: blue heron elegantly strides through the marsh grass. Slowly the swirling, soft water pulls away, revealing the space ship, alone, sailing, lasting. This is *Discoverer*, the night before her maiden voyage. Within thirty

minutes the support has pulled away and the lights are turned on. The ship's white-tinted windows appear the night sky. It is a monument. Its shape is mechanical, the north-oriented dome of the fuel tank bracketing the slender spars of the solid rockets. And so it is that people are overcome by the extraordinary scene. It is the anticipation of the event, sometimes more than the event itself, that often causes

the witnesses to break down into fits of sobbing, unable later to explain why.

On that same night, before his rocket flight into space, Steven Hawley took note of the grandiose sentiments about this Olympus enterprise in which he is involved. As an astronaut he had spent more nights than he cared to remember looking at a darkened, star-filled sky. In his home, an expense, was something he had long since ceased to consider. Indeed, he had learned of his probable selection as an astronaut after a night of swimming the stars, high in a moonlight at an observatory in the Chilean Andes. That selection—for which, as a scientist among scientists, he had been an additional choice—was cause for cheering, but not for this. Now, on August 29, in the crew's quarters at Cape Canaveral, three miles from the launch pad, Hawley's location on a couch with his wife, Sally Kohn, and watching Woody Allen's *Love and Death*.

There were other ways to praise oneself for space. The pilots often do aerobics high in the stratosphere in the F-15s the day before flight. For the theory runs that such aerobics make one less vulnerable to space sickness. Hawley had decided to talk at the ritual. The fatigue of his crew and himself concerns him after having once before trained to this fine edge, only to experience an engine shutdown on the pad at three and a half seconds before lift-off. That had been two months earlier. For the television audience, space flight had become dull and routine. With Hawley's flight the public would find out that it was getting bored with space a little too soon. If the people needed the drag factor, presently compared to the Indianapolis 500, they could have gotten it with the 41-B mission. In this mission, observers would get one scrub at T minus nine minutes with a computer failure, a second scrub at T minus three and a half seconds, a third scrub only hours before launch, when it was discovered that the computer program might overload and fail to separate the booster rockets from the shuttle itself. Such problems were far from routine.

By the time he prepared to launch once again, on August 30, Steven Hawley was no stranger to public spectacle. In 1982 he and Sally had married, and in June 1983 she had her first flight. For that he had been nervous, in the special way that an astronaut's physiology works, not for his wife's safety but for her success. She would be the first American woman in space, official title: *first American woman in space*, and her flight was to be a good husband-to-keep her company in her anticipation, to entertain her friends and family who had come for the party, to report back to her in quarantine whether they were all having a good time. His women for her were professional. He hoped her crew would accomplish its mission. He

James Reston Jr. is author of *Storms of Wrath* and *Victims of Wrath*, published by Doubleday.

hoped she wouldn't get sick. He hoped she would get all the scheduled orbits, and not have to deorbit prematurely. And he hoped the jets would not wobble back and forth about her. The fact that Rife was fairly fit and healthy, ready to go to space on any significant pause in the frailty of her sex, made "normal" people all the more interested in her and worried about her safety.

Now their roles are reversed. Rife keeps him company as they watch the Woody Allen film and find Pauline's Shrek's Mofus, presenting him with a bottle of encyclopedia as an anniversary present (it is a space trivia freak), entertaining his friends, and chatting with him about anything but the flight. "The more he has chosen to take on, the more the burden of other astronauts. He knows the stories. After Apollo 9, Carl DeLo's Carinae Diem had been unofficially named after it had been played out within the last module was being tested. Frederick Hawk, who had been the pilot on Sally's first flight, had spent the time from Star Wars on his Mofus as he watched lightning flash in during thunderstorms. His hand-drawn sales report over Mofus, and he had been given the space music after displaying a satellite. Two flights earlier the planet Jase Allen had learned to electronic cello music composed by his wife's brother as he let a satellite go. And Robert Cropp, a satellite veteran, had a keyboard for mainly country music like Jerry Jeff Walker's "Night Rider's Lament." But Hawley chose more easy listening, the ballads of Barbara Streisand and James Taylor.

At 5:30 a.m. the sky is still black, except for the sparsest stream of light that the seven lights panel across it, hovering down to the white speck in the far distance. A low satellite has been at the top of the Cape Canaveral several hours before it was visible. The satellite is the day's first for the observer, while the astronauts walk out of their crew quarters before the television camera. Those who have stayed there usually rest out far the interests moment, as if getting up at 5:30 a.m. on launch morning shows that one really cares. It amounts to no more than a walk down a concrete ramp and onto the front page of The New York Times, a wave to friends and camera.

The commander of this crew is Henry Hartsfield, a comfortable, gray-haired and somewhat meekly Alabamian who flew in the pilot of the fourth shuttle mission and came into NASA from the Air Force in 1969. For Hartsfield, the walk-out is the second ritual of the morning and much more is his first. He is the first to leave the lower, as he is launched with his readers, he complained again about the prelaunch breakfast. It was not the steak and eggs, but the "best supper" quality that excited him, when the photographers

came in to take pictures from every conceivable angle, as if this were "advice" rather than "good luck." Hawley had listened to the complaint without cold interest, but he considers FR "part of the territory." Hawley's own camera is much elemental at breakfast. Generally he skipped the meal, and he intended to skip it now. Fluids. He knows he will be strapped into a seat on his back for at least three hours, a position uncomfortable enough without getting up. He took only a few sips of coffee. The public in the world of one's back had become something of a hallmark of the space program ever since Alan Shepard.

There and a half miles away from the post, the food technicians at the press are deterred. Except for the rescue crew, then the closest one can get to the launch, for a mathematician has calculated just how far the debris will break off if the spacing blows up. The digital clock, the watch at the world, reads "7:00 am" and a half hours. The soaring, almost maternal, voice of launch control is saying:

"At age thirty-two, Mission Specialist Steven Hawley is the youngest member of the crew. Dr. Hawley was Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Kansas and received his doctorate in astronomy and astrophysics at the University of California, San Diego, in 1977. He is married to Dr. Sally Rife, another NASA astronaut...."

In the cynicism and the defiance, the first television commentary and the final lights, the guard on the highway with an M-16 on his hip, the scene resembles nothing so much as an execution. The astronauts in microclimate in the minutes before the astronauts in the white room, the small mobile as the end of the mission launch, where the astronauts get on their helmets and strap on their gear.

Hawley has had his last moment for reflection, writing for his future to be dropped in, but he has no more to do on the lower Mofus. When he had a few minutes to be more than a technician, he would call his eyes over the fitting where the hydraulic and oxygen flow from into the spacecraft and wonder again the universality and the splendor, the vastness of the uncharted sky, drink in the view of it, as escaping giant bands and waves opened and water furred and splattered somewhere far below. And when his name is called, he will be walking down the highway and into the television screen, it becomes a business.

At 7:00 a.m. twenty minutes there is a planned hold, and the newspapers present the astronaut in the solar system as the computers are used for the "terminal count down." Hawley is sitting in the middle of the Discovery digital clock. He weighs two procedure books under his thighs. A pencil holder is strapped on his knee, and he holds a pencil. Hawley is to be a bird set of eyes on the bank of engines

and dials and switches. Around Houston, Hawley has acquired a reputation for knowing as much about the orbiter systems as anyone—the astronaut who could fly the shuttle if he had to.

At 7:00 a.m. twenty minutes on June 15, the astronauts know the 41.6 seconds would be a scrub, that was its first scrub. Then the problem had been with a single computer chip, one fixed chip among millions, producing a break in a secondary cross-path, one chip in one of five computers and a backup computer not normally used. Discovery could have launched anyway, and Hawley surmised that there was talk of doing so. The chip was redundant, it probably would never be needed. Why not work around it? Because it ruled against a critical rule of the Cape: NEVER INVEST YOUR REDUNDANCY WHILE YOU'RE SITTING ON THE LAUNCH PAD. That was better. The spacecraft was so sensitive, so huge, so powerful, and yet so fragile. Then they began, examining the orbiter Challenger as it was being loaded to fly in October, it reached out to feel the thickest tile on its black undergarment, and my guide screamed at me not to touch. The tile on my finger could cause extensive damage at that time during testing, causing it to burn through like a ray of the sun through a runway glass in a sheet of paper. Everyone who works on the orbiter wears white gloves. At 7:00 a.m. twenty minutes now Hawley examines the crew that the backup computers all look good. Some after, the countdown resumes.

At 7:00 a.m. twenty minutes they hold one last time as the computers—the IBM and the Rockwell—test if they are making the same script. The hold is supposed to be brief, but the minute tick away. In the firing room, countdown has not been smooth. There have been three computer failures—three anomalies to duplicate, "a NASA language will explain it, but these problems have been solved. The real problem is different. A private plane has strayed into the missile range, a common enough occurrence. Encounters with their planes, however, to get a better view challenging the line of the restricted area. NASA had complained to the FAA and had held meetings at local airports to discourage the practice. But that place is different. It is out at sea and seems to have taken a direct course in the FR-84. The Air Force is taking charge, we are told, carrying up the image of a scramble.

As the rocket, there is rising frustration. After all the problems they have faced, now that "The launch window" is only thirty-one minutes. To risk it is the only way to launch. Hawley makes light of the situation. There are checks about the "harmage" of the attitude, and later Hawley will say that if a vote of the crew had been taken, it would probably have been 6-0 to hold the plane down.

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Once gravity took, cheers up as the count resumes after an almost seven-minute delay.

At T minus four minutes they reach another milestone. Never do you expect the same problem to present itself twice, but with the sudden roar of *Discovery*, the crew could not help the comparison. On Oct. 30, the first time they had reached T minus thirty-one seconds, when Commander Hartsfield said, "Well, we're going now, unless something bad happens." At T minus thirty-one seconds, the firing from Hartsfield's command faded into the steady count. But go far "no sequence start," meaning that everyone now is a captive of the computers. The human factor is erased. Second by second, the count would down to zero, and fifty-five seconds later, *Discovery* had heard the main engines start, and in another instant the mission alarm went off: Hawley's eyes had flashed to the computer screen and there at the bottom a small red read-out, *no-space*—a subtle, subtle alarm. The rocket was going to go, moving toward a kind of orgasm. How easy was it to start an orgasm and then stop it? On the loop they were before about five, a hydrazine fire that could not be detected by the naked eye. Three minutes went by, and suddenly there was water everywhere.

At T minus four minutes on August 30 it all came back. For NASA had traced the same problem to microscopic air in a fuel line that caused a wire to stick. A few days later, the ground began to shake. But now at T minus four minutes on August 30, the crew cut the valves. They are go, and the count proceeds.

At T minus two and a half minutes the oxygen becomes available, the instruments completing their last at-home task and they are in orbit. Space. The crew is now home; to all the electronics and can merely monitor what is happening and monitor their day.

For many, on national television, the *Twenty* show reporters cheer to one another: "When is this thing going to turn into an eagle?" One of the better minutes of recent television history. Hawley had told Hartsfield that at T minus thirty-one seconds the commander said again, "Well, we're going now, unless something bad happens." So, Hawley, would personally break his commander's air. At no sequence start one, silence rings.

The noise of the engines comes up all at once, and Hawley finds it no louder than the silent. The solids light, and they add not more but a considerable lack, much more than the noise expects. One second they are on the pad. The next they are in the first five in the air. The first several seconds come in a rush. Once the tower is closed, it is quieter than he thought it would be, and his mind registers that the noise must come largely from the no-

isected moments against the pad, rather than from the spaceport itself. It is also assistant, says the "old ladies" rule that is heard in Houston, but certainly not around. The G forces begin to build slowly, but Hawley scarcely notices them. Right before the solids separate, the force is three Gs. No problem. At about two seconds and twenty-five miles up the solids blast away, sending the first puff of smoke across the front windows. After that, preceded only by the ship's main engine, the gravity puff drops of dramatically, on down the aisle. The noise is the calm, new constant from below.

For months Hawley had told himself that he was going to keep his mind focused on his job and not be a spectator. He was determined that afterward no one could say that Steve Hawley just came along for the ride. *Presidents and Transpennsylvania* has. There is no time to dwell on a man, himself, going into space for the first time. From the moment of lift-off, he feels that everything is going to work. Intelligently, he knows that in truth he can't do it. He is a captive of the machine, a captive of other men's work. And yet, with these casual concerns, he feels in control, and that's important to him. For only as assistant, he glances out the window and a lesser in a house of gold for his legs.

At MSCO (main engine cutoff) the engines shut down as they are supposed to, and the crew is in space. Before, he had thought that might be a moment for cheering. But now, he feels nothing of the sort. The experience cannot be comprehended. It's all one smooth flow, all part of a piece. Even thirty-six minutes later, when the small jets of the orbital maneuvering system fire and place the ship in orbit, it seems not right, just not what he expected, and therefore nothing to celebrate. Nevertheless, his assessment registers. He understands how the system worked. He expected it to work. It worked, and here he was floating, but around that it had worked. "That's the strangest part," he says later.

Now, several minutes after the main engines cut off, allow rocket Richard Millican return to his headquarters. "Now, wasn't that really something?" he says, and Hawley thinks, How strange. What a strange thing to say in that moment, all of his training had failed him. So intense is he to be in top of things, in some sort of sensory center. HE HAD MISSED IT! Hawley and not left the Gs, he had scarcely seen the streak of the solids separating. His point of reference is only the Houston simulator. Is the real thing the same or different from the simulation in Houston? He had "rocked" the process before, as it were, as a career in high-tech, and now, as he sees the real experience, there is no thrill to it. It is as if Edward Hubble had peered the top of Everest and said, "It's just like practicing

on the rock ledges of New Zealand."

From my gray rock below the digital clock, the real noise comes finally to the ear before the attack wave hits the stomach. The dynamics rise slowly upon its flame and smoke, and then it begins to swirl, turning 100 degrees toward the ocean after it descends lower. The sound is the waves in total. Solid blue, the sky is being ripped in two by this white hole. It is awesome and violent and terrible and beautiful. It is men going into space on the same rockets with which he can design his own earth. One moment it is a machine, according to twenty thousand feet per second, the next it is a maelstrom in the stomach, the next a dragon of smoke glowing and crackling at a distance almost too far to comprehend. In seconds, and the dragon takes on the form of a loose deflation. People in a way, sailing and clapping happily the way they do as they leave the theater in the warm afterglow of *Love and Death*. It is close to race of dust and time to go to work. But it has already been a good day.

Hawley is ready for zero G. He has anticipated the dizziness in his head as the body shifts lose their pull downward, and he expects it to be confused. Within the strongest corps, few subjects are disturbed more than space adaptation. As usual, the language minimizes the problem. NASA calls it "space adaptation syndrome." The fact that you might be jerking all over your friends and the nausea, well, that is simply because your gravity vector, or attitude, is readjusting itself to weightlessness. In terms, the flight surgeon is trying to understand the dizziness, but they have been trying since Frank Borman's Apollo 8 flight in 1968. It is not like seasickness, where once you throw up, you feel better almost immediately. In a part heads, part nausea, part knots in the stomach, part confusion that tells the stomach to shut down and not accept food. To the great public, the NASA line on space sickness is that you don't discuss it—it's a private matter between doctor and patient—or, if you do, you must say it is the working with a cold to the astronauts, the surgeons explain that the only earthly equivalent of the condition is poison in the bloodstream, hardly a convincing thought, and they dispense *Scop-Dex*—an amphetamine, an anesthetic, upper and downer all in one that has had mixed success in space. Black rubber in the latest bid. If you can control the anxiety that accompanies the symptoms, you can control the dizziness better. It is as if the surgeons are passing him a quiet reminder of the *Twenty-third Psalm*.

At thirty-three minutes into the flight, *Discovery* actively begins its preparation for the deployment about seven hours later of the first satellite, valued at \$75 million. This is the payoff. Upon these deployments the new era of space explo-

JOHNNY RUTHERFORD: Husband, Father, Race Car Driver, Three-time Indy 500 Winner, Pilot, Network Commentator, Member of the National Rifle Association.

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Not for by the members of the National Rifle Association of America.

tation depends. The psychology of the cockpit place has involved the bureau with many things, plans, and even with schedules, televisions, and weather about foreign competition and "customer confidence." Hawley is a mission specialist. His expertise lies in the satellites with profitable demands and in scientific experiments that maintain in new space products. During the last two hours the procedures are rigorous, and it has become a legend in the corps that the efficiency of the post-launch period sets the tone for the entire flight.

At first Hawley worked behind him in seat, remaining in motionless as he was, for one theory of space sickness hypothesis that sudden movement induces the symptoms, and he cannot afford that. Success means efficiency and "NASA credibility" as well as "customer confidence" has now shifted to his shoulders. As the minutes tick away, his irritation with his own environmental noise. Buses keep flying over. Once unheeded, he finds it difficult to get what seems to be. He knows keep looking over his own shoulder like pusher out too hard at first and goes slithering into the opposite side of the cabin. In Houston, he had thought that with weightlessness he might cry, "Golly, 'How great' it all will be," but now it is. What a pain in the butt this is. He feels cramping and inefficient. And now he mutters to himself, "Jeez, folks, when do the good times start?"

In the first few hours of flight the entire crew is preoccupied with maintaining air currents, for there are a staggering number of photo-TV "programmers." This is the product of an overstuffed public relations establishment, which now in the post-launch age, tries to keep the program alive by downgrading the role of the astronauts leaving him in space, and turns the shuttle into a space studio. You are expected to look as if you are having fun at all times. So there are twenty-two cameras, the TV, the IMAX, the A-frame, the Hasselblad. "There is the live TV, the postflight film, the IMAX footage, the engineering footage, and on and on. In the six days of the 41-D mission, Hawley will spend more time on his PR requirements than on any other type of work, except perhaps personal duties.

In the sixth orbit, the deployment countdown begins. Hawley has warned the commander's seat, where the critical computers are housed. The new arrival reports slowly, estimating the McDonald Douglas-powered airfield, estimated now at \$70 million. In February two satellites of the very same design had entered away into useless orbits and sent a scare through the entire aerospace industry: it had cost \$150 million worth of space hardware become space junk.

Now in the cargo bay, the armed satellite has become a bit farcical, and it is of

some importance to lose it out at just the right time. The launch must be accurate to the second, and the deployment of living payload to the degree. Now, thirteen and a half minutes before its release, the satellite begins to spin on its table. At the precise moment, it rises, the hopes of NASA and McDonnell Douglas and Lockheed Martin rising with it. But the critical moment will come forty-five minutes later, when its solid rocket fins to boost it into a stationary orbit 22,000 miles above an exact point on earth. Hawley and Mulline will repeat the process with a second satellite a day later. And then there will be a third. The deployments are "nominal." The buses of the satellite rockets are all normal. The word comes up from the ground that the customers are ecstatic.

Mulline confirms the joys that that one satellite is deployed within three thousand feet of the targeted point in space. When you're traveling at 17,000 feet per second, "that's pretty close," coo the spokesmen. It is as if Hawley's touch on the launch had been perfect to order success. His last act, however, had been thirty seconds before deployment, when the computer took over. So long as everything goes normally, the human element is confined to reading a checklist. As Hawley accepts the launch with grace, he knows that his last skill has not been tested. It lies at what he calls "the edge." Man is in space to contend with unexpected calamity, not normal success. No one would ever have known except vicariously, whether Steve Hawley is good enough to handle anything that might arise.

Once *Discovery* flies like an eagle and the three astronauts are deployed, however, a standard of perfection is re-established. After the television preview release attempt. The 41-D mission was scheduled in making shuttle flight being again. Even when the President and the Vice-President put in a call, it is routine. Hawley shifts with the crew naturally, moving back and forth between jovial conversation and prepared lines. He has a bit of poetry sense, about as natural as, in looking gravity and burbling through the clouds, feels as if he has "touched the face of God." Touching the face of God is necessary the way Hawley is viewing his satellite. But it is more of the President to call. His vice of the Vice-President to call a day later, too, but Bush is even more inquisitive than his boss, and just as that call comes through, a buzzer bell, setting off a time message and alarm, as the astronauts swing around the malfunction gate along with the microphone to talk to the Vice-President.

In the succeeding days of the 41-D mission, the public might have gotten more interested in television and the newspapers had found a way to report with good taste a real problem that developed on flight day four. A chunk of ice was dis-

covered to be falling on what was reported as the "senior writer seat window," and the immediate consequence of this was that the whole launch \$10-million toilet was rendered virtually unusable. For all the talk about "redundancy" in the shuttle systems, the one system that had no backup was the toilet. So in the great minds of Houston, those fearless aerospace engineers who are the real powers of space, go to work on what to do about the ice on the outside of the ship floor is little in one-quarter pound of ice hitting the center at Mach 25 during twenty-second practice the (satellite), the astronaut switch to "Apollo bags." The fact that a woman is on board makes the problem much worse. "Use your imagination," a flight director tells the press party at a briefing—the Apollo bag is solid plastic, even more than a still plastic bag with tabs that stick to the buttocks. What astronaut Judith A. Barnes does is nobody's business, but it is good enough for the man. The bags are not meant for liquids and so socks and underwear have to be dropped in for disposal. The waste goes in storage. There is a cavity in the floor of the middeck for that, but in weightlessness the bags do not want to stay down there, and have to be pushed down as far as they will go. But, apart from that, this crew makes light of the elemental quality of it. Once, when Mulline was sitting some bags down into the hole, he let out a frightened scream, as he tripped being dragged into the hole by the horrible "Zip-it" monster of their flight.

Such high jinks are the badge of the corps. Wally Schirra had described the routine history of urine being flushed into space, as it flows into a myriad of brilliant crystals. He had called it the crystallization process. On the 41-D mission they jolly go another in their shared misery. But when the last day rolls around, and Houston begins to send up the contingency plans for a "win-til," Hawley tells the commander to tell Houston not to bother. There is no way they weren't coming home that day.

Several weeks after touchdown Steve Hawley and a lounge about in a jolly, enjoy confinement in the Gulf of Mexico. He had a few days free in his schedule of congressional visits and corporate receptions and photo opportunities, or the "log and pony show" as the postflight Washington tour was known around the Johnson space Center. Since it was the end of the congressional session, it was thought that not many congressmen would show up to get their pictures taken with the *Discovery* "ice heater" crew. But the space cadets and "milkduds" of our Congress flock up without relief. At the crew's request before the House space-subcommittee session, one congressman had to be left in a hotel in the company of Ted Williams to be with such exceptional individuals. Someone



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the comment seemed inappropriate.

While Hawley is pretty good at this PR, with his heavy laugh and quick responses, he enjoyed it as more than the spokesman of the post, but NASA's brand is battered here. Serving up the aerospace as regularly as breakfast is part of the regimen. At least we're on the agenda, however, Hawley did enjoy it. It was his evening with John Glenn. The crew presented the scenario with an unadorned picture of the open space-cargo bay and the seal of their mission, and Hawley left a jet sheepish about it. There on the senator's bookshelf was a scale model of his Mercury capsule. About the size of a grocery bag with a lot of French bread.

"I don't feel sorry for you crews," Glenn told the crew. He had been scheduled eleven times before he actually flew and had perched upon his pocket four times before a blizzard off. Confidence? Well, he would tell them about jet. Before Alan Shepard's flight, the original seven astronauts had been taken down to the Cape to witness a launch of the *Atlas* they would be riding. It was a "confidence-building" exercise. As Glenn remembers it, the sight in Florida was beautiful. (Actually, it was daytime and rising.) The lights shone on the rocket. It lifted and steam poured from it. The crowd went dramatic and moved, and the rocket rose spectacularly upon its fire and smoke to

clouds and a low wet spray, and when it reached 41,000 feet, thirty-five thousand feet up, where problems had existed before, no more than the glow of the red of a cap, it exploded like an atomic bomb over them in reality happened at twenty-five miles up. "Let me tell you about confidence," Glenn told them.

Hawley and I still had the trouble to cover. The image of Glenn's best speech, held passively by a few uncertain straps, remained unforgettable, the man's machine in the air, or, to use Glenn's phrase, the offside in trying to "keep a man in a can alive." In my own mind, I fairly dared Hawley to make that experience of memory routine.

Released, like he knew the astronaut spoke as a veteran now. Indeed, his action on that last day underscored his veteran status. He had been awakened by voices against the flight deck. There was talk of an oxygen leak, and he could hear Houston directing the commander to pre-oxygen. Hawley had looked at his watch. It was still an hour before the official wake-up time. He ripped his sleeping bag back up. An oxygen leak. He figured they would call him if they needed him.

Sally Ride had found the scenery the most bizarre aspect of the trip. It was bizarre, she had said, because it was the only part of the flight that the Houston simulators could not "model." After five

days in space the veterans had come to distrust other impressions, for what he had found bizarre, others had found routine, and there was no requirement except space that he had and wife had the same thing about a shared experience. Nevertheless, he looked forward to the sensuality of memory.

Over the broken Ocean, the spaceship and capsule down and backwards when an engine five. They rose for only two and a half minutes with a gentle push against Hawley's back. The atmosphere will do the rest. A two-and-a-half-minute jet blast that now explains man and nature to work together to descend this gliding machine at no exact point on a desert sea continent and one ocean and the San Rafael Mountains away. Somewhere over New Guinea the ship passes into night. Its nose gradually curves onto the top in a slow curve, pointing forward, right side up. Back tiles positioned to accept the fire. With defiance, the forward window began to change from black to salmon. There is an open space of fire, more a sense of artificial light, like flying inside panels of a neon sign. Intellectually, Hawley knows they have entered the stratosphere. Communication with Houston is down now. For the first time in the flight, he can hear the whosh of the wind outside at the ship enters the atmosphere. He looks at the gauges. March 22. Still zero G. His seagulls

in the silence and the wind and the glow as the forward window, even as it is the stratosphere. Then his eyes come to rest on the back of the pilot's helmet as a focus of him. Upon its irregular whiteness he notices a flickering circle of light, and soon instant he reflects it is the reflection of the back window behind him. Strapped as he is, he cannot turn around for a look. Within this miniature screen, distorted by the curvature of the helmet, he watches his memory: columns of plastic frame coming together, coming together, coming together rhythmically, and then disappearing in the blackness, and reappearing as flickering images of fire, appearing lamely at the tail like a weak tongue. Hawley feels it, "I'm dramatic." Yet he has seen it before. On the eighth shuttle flight a mission specialist, Dale Gribble, had pointed a camera backward out the window and had captured this river of stars for the benefit of the engineers who would be prepared by it. Now Hawley feels the crew what he is seeing on the helmet.

"I look just like Dale Gribble's film," he says happily.

So the astronaut's feelings are twice removed from his experience. His reality is certified by the image on the helmet and an image in a movie. It is Walter Perry and, Perry in mind, the prisoner observed at a cave in space, watching shadows, hearing

echoes, and finding their real and comfortable. Plate had reduced his parole of the men chained in the cave, able to watch only the distorted shadows cast by the flick reflection upon the back wall. "In them, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of images."

Three days before Steven Hawley went into space, NASA had announced that next year as early as 1986 it would begin to fly citizens in space. It seemed a kind of implied criticism of the astronauts: they were splendid technicians and heavy poets. They performed impossibly the tasks for which the space program ultimately existed, but was it fair to ask them to be artists and poets and philosophers as well? With the need to train for every imaginable hardship, how is one to hold on to the wonder and the magic?

In Steven Hawley's changing nature of the astronaut's image is symbolized. For more than twenty years the astronaut who came from the post-punk ranks had become a familiar figure of American folklore. To the imagination—the John Glenn, the Neil Armstrong, the John Young—had gone the rocket-cape parade and noble quest to the White House. Now there is a new hero. To be sure, Sally Ride, even more so, had a Steve Hawley Day, but the astronaut would have trouble making a check two days after he had gotten down from space. The roller dated to recognize

him, and he succeeded only because the name Sally Ride was also on his chest. In the new era, the questions are: What is the ultimate potential of space? What does it do for us? The emphasis is shifting from seat belt heroics to the quiet competence of the cargo haulers. The glamour is dwindling. As the focus of public attention moves to the back of the map, the pilots are suddenly being seen as driving around other people's land.

The next epoch of space exploration after the shuttle era is to be that of the permanent space station, with orbitations and space trips shorter than dawn, and techniques involving perfect ball bearings or miracle pharmaceuticals to cure diseases or AIDS, or growing crystals for computer chips, or forging perfect metals for new firm engines. That program will need not much pilots but highly operators. "Thus, in a decade, at minimum like Steve Hawley work on their experiments in their space laboratories, the pilots might have to live around the career shuttle, waiting for a call to go somewhere, in some, become devoted space jockeys. Where will the pilots be?"

"What moved you most about your entire experience in space?" I had asked Steve Hawley early in our lengthy conversation.

He paused. "Nothing," he said, and I appreciated his honesty. ☐

My Separate Peace

On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of an American classic, its author reveals what the book has meant to millions of readers—and to himself

by John Knowles

John Knowles is currently at work on *Amorim* and *The Prisoner of Love*. The book concerns the friendships and secrets of a successful congressman.



When my publishers told me in 1960 that they were going to bring out my first novel, *A Separate Peace*, on February twenty-sixth, I should have suspected that something unusual was going to happen. The book would appear on Leap Year Day, a date occurring only once every four years, a day created to set the calendar, and by extension, the cosmos, to rights, at various times. The actual date doesn't occur in 1960, but if it did, it would mark the book's twenty-fifth anniversary.

I remember thinking back then about those thousand copies will be sold—if I'm lucky. Who's going to want to read about a bunch of prep-school boys and what happened to them long ago in the past? That was something like nine million copies ago.

The thing is, *A Separate Peace* wrote itself. No book can have been easier to get down on paper. What was required was to lie alone in bed by midnight, get up at a quarter to seven in the morning, throw some cold water at myself, drink a glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee, and then sit down at my desk and take up my pen. Five or six hundred words later, written in an hour, I would get up and go to work as the editor of a magazine.

I was then living in a tiny father/son/body ghost (three-story) house on a narrow old street in Philadelphia. At age twenty-eight, I had published some short fiction and nonfiction, lived for a while in Europe, read widely, and in general tried to live a quiet life preparatory to doing my life's work: writing.

When the book was finished I sent it to one of the best literary agents in the business. She submitted it to every publisher of any stature in America, where, coming from her, it was read by important editors. It was turned down by each and every one of them. They're crazy, I thought. It'll never sell a lot of copies, but it is a good book. So I



PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGG SEGALLER

The author today on Long Island, holding a first edition of *A SEPARATE PEACE*, his famous first novel. TO DATE, THE BOOK HAS SOLD SOME NINE MILLION COPIES.

Conventional Warfare

SAHARA HOTEL, LAS VEGAS—POOLSIDE

BY SEVEN P.M. THE POOL AREA WAS FILLED WITH CONVENTIONEERS DRESSED IN CAMOUFLAGE FATIGUES.

It was announced that assembly elements had taken hostages and were holed up on the third floor of the hotel. These elements, in various blending camouflage uniforms, appeared on the balcony and played as the local hostages.

Three men in black jump suits began rappelling rapidly from the hotel roof.

The rocky terrorists shouted their demands while the chase men in black descended their ropes and took positions above and to the side of their balcony. A commando grenade was lobbed into the terrorists' midst; the attacking forces swung onto the balcony, and the sound of semiautomatic small-arms fire was heard. A woman in a white ball gown appeared on the balcony benches and looked about warily.

The black-suited SWAT team emerged from the window on their floor and held their weapons high, indicating victory was theirs. The conventioners in the pool cheered—gruffly roared. The terrorists, the second floor dragged and went back into the building. Captain Duke Dye, USMC (Ret.), then announced that the pool stick contest would begin.

I've witnessed the controversy as I had entered my name in the list and was a contestant in said contest.

I waited for him to call my name and wondered whether I had the capacity to stand and slug it out with him, or whether I was just another wussy Eastern intellectual with a nervous pit for dialogue.

by DAVID MAMET

What was I doing in Las Vegas? I had come to have fun, and to hang out with my friend Bagwell and his friends.

His friends were the people at *Soldier of Fortune Magazine*. The magazine was run by this commando intellectual the Sahara Hotel. Bagwell, who often leaves for a long, is the chief editor of the magazine.

Soldier of Fortune was started six years ago by Colonel Robert K. Brown, a veteran of the Special Forces, and the curriculum of the magazine was fairly well represented by the activities at the convention. These included a three-gun rifle, pistol, shotgun competition with a hefty \$40,000 in prize money. Operation Headquarters, a military-oriented five rifle cross-country obstacle course, a parachute jump, a firepower demonstration, an arms show, sundry incense, a pool stick competition, and a banquet.

The conventioners were men—and a few women—interested in the history, theory, and practice of warfare—especially of unconventional or guerrilla war. They were, in the main, former and current members of the armed forces, law enforcement officers, gun enthusiasts, and, I suspect, a couple of people like me who were just trying to get out of the house.

I had never been to a convention of any kind before, and I was getting a look out of wearing one of those name tags, which look kind of silly when those name tags are wearing them but feel rather embarrassing when you've got one on yourself.

I found the conventioners lovely people. I don't agree with some of the ideas, but then, I don't agree with a lot of my own ideas and never powers to rid myself of them.

One idea at the convention I found quite dumb: Missouri's Gregory King, also one of *Soldier of Fortune*. This is his last article for *Esquire*.

Camouflaged as an Eastern Intellectual, the playwright slips into Vegas under cover of night, there to hotmob and test his manhood at a gathering of mercenaries on holiday

attractive, was that of unashamed patriots. The fellows seemed to love the idea of America in much the same way that someone else might love the idea of The Beatles—that is, as a perfect institution.

The conventioners also seemed to love the idea of *Men of War*. The cab from

ILLUSTRATION: BOB BAKER



the airport dropped me at the Sahara and the cabdriver asked me if I wanted to flip for the four-dollar fee. I said okay and reached for a coin. "Uh ah," he said, "we'll use my coin." "Well, okay I thought, everybody got to me and he flipped his coin, and he lost."

"What a great beginning to a Weekend with the Boys," I thought, and checked into

the hotel and started looking for Bagwell. The next morning I found him at his table at the arms show. Bagwell had a sword of his knives laid out for display. He asked the buyers at an open forge on behind his house in east Texas, and when I arrived he was putting on a display with one of them. He had a twelve-inch bowie

St. Soldier of Fortune's annual convention gathers about 400 hardcore, long-time players, and makes "appropriately aggressive sounds."

knife and was about to cut her wrapped around each day a hanging strands of hemp rope with one snap. The onlookers melted among themselves that it was impossible, but I had seen him do it many times before. I asked him if I could try it when he got done. He gave a look that seemed to say "get away, here you are quacking the pitch."

He then suggested, for good reason, that I should take me for a walk. The friend introduced himself as an Air Marshal, late of the RAF, and so for Air Marshal.

I started on a leisurely tour of the arena show. We chatted about the State of the World (both tuberos) and gave much attention to the tables laden with late-coming staff.

These were displays of kilsters, hand-stead foods for camping, and other curios.

The fellow with the booth next to Bagwell's was selling blowguns.

They were tubes around four feet long with a moustache at one end. He had put a moustache on the end of the tube and away, and all day long he was putting darts into the blowgun, going whoosh! just like in the movies, and the darts would appear in the target.

I asked him how accurate the blowgun was, and he told me that with just a little practice I could consistently hit a dinner plate at a hundred feet. I asked him if that would not involve my giving up smoking, and he told me that, as the contrary, the blowgun would naturally so increase one's lung capacity, and that the biggest problem his customers reported was the necessity of moving up to the next-size shirt.

I wanted to try the blowgun, and fortunately I happened across him and asked him to offer me a shot, but (and I suppose for security as much as for liability reasons) he never did.

Each the Air Marshal and myself were criticized by a new party at the Benita table (the party was a thin-finished curly version of the RSR: The Gun That Guards Connection?).

The Air Marshal said he was covering the blowgun for another magazine, and we both thought it would be a good idea to take the powers of the press and suggest to the Benita people that we, as a disinterested and powerful representative of large organs of Public Opinion,

A WEEKEND WITH THE BOYS

I asked him how accurate the blowgun was, and he told me that with just a little practice I could consistently hit a dinner plate at a hundred feet.

might like to actually fire this pistol out at the range.

The Benita people, with great reserve and so much display of ill humor, advised that they would see what they could do.

On the other side of Bagwell's display was the booth of the Free-World Congress of Paratroopers.

This organization had, in 1983 and 1984, taken paratroopers from all over the Free World to Israel to train with and jump with the Israeli Army for two days. The organization was represented by Mike Koptos, a hangar from North Clark Street in Chicago. Mike had jumped that evening with a group from the Phoenix Division, an independent parachute club. The Phoenix, Mike told me, were running a jump school that could prepare entire complete parachutes to jump—after one day's instruction—boom operation mode.

I asked him how I might like to try that myself, and Mike told me that I was too late to sign up for the program being run during the convention, but that I might like to visit the next Israeli Congress (spring 1985). I told him I would like nothing more, and would only have to check with my wife, as, should she agree, with someone else.

Friday afternoon I attended a seminar on "Light Machine Guns: History, Evolution, Employment."

The seminar was given by "Machine Gun Pete" Kalkula, small arena editor at Soldier of Fortune. Pete displayed some ten types of machine guns, including the M16s, or "M16s Zepes," so named for its very high (1,200 rounds per minute) cyclic rate, the M16 (M16a1 was a Gait), the famous Benita gun, which Pete pronounced the best machine gun for light machine gun in the world, and the latest American M-60.

Pete examined the workmanship and

design of the M-60 at great length—the top-top legs break and it is at least eight separate parts that can be put in backward and, in his own words, "Believe me, gentlemen, if they can be put in backward they will be put in backward." (I have spent fifteen years in the professional theater and know what he was talking about.) Pete discussed kinds of fire with respect to ground, back of fire with respect to the target, methods of disassembly, and so on. As a reader for technical information,

I'm a cheap date myself, but he was a particularly interesting and concise lecturer, and when he finished (supplied the M16 in about eight seconds) I cheered with the rest.

Pete then said something that made my day, he announced that he was with the Benita machine gun the biggest cause of failure to read (this is, failure of the gun to chamber a cartridge in failing to load the magazine in such a way that the rim of the second cartridge comes in line with the rim of the previous cartridge. I have found my living all my adult life on my ability to retrieve firearms and accurate information, and this was a gem I had ever heard of. I cheered all still.

This is what I had done up to Friday evening, when, to get back to it, I found myself standing by the pool and waiting to be called to fight in the pool-stick competition.

A pool stick is about five feet long. The last ball on each end is covered with a padded telescopic spring. The contestants wear football helmets and approach each other from opposite ends at a one-foot-wide band. The beam is over the swimming pool.

So, Captain Dale Dye announced the Pool Stick Competition, and I waited for them to call my name, meanwhile trying to remember everything I knew about close personal combat.

Everything I knew about close personal combat amounted to this: (1) I once had a girlfriend who was starting aside, and she told me that one should never look into an opponent's eyes, as one might "lose one's childhood" and be tempted to show mercy; (2) I had heard that a bloodcurdling scream can have the physiological effect of momentarily shocking an opponent into a seizure; (3) I had read in *The Book of Five Rings*, a compendium of advice to the Ja-

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Trivia Inc.

It's a simple board game, but for its founders the prize was joy, sorrow, and a multimillion-dollar conglomerate

THE WOOD-pane room at THE ACORN INN SOUNDS GOOD-PANDELED AND PISH BUT IS actually low-end Howard Johnson's "Worms," Chris Haney says. It is the end of the road for Haney, his brother John, and Scott Abbott, the inventors of Trivial Pursuit, the board game whose retail sales in the United States approached \$700 million in 1984. Ten minutes from Toronto's airport, this "academic hotel" oozes Midvale, which they are unable to get turned off. Games II, the latest of six editions of the game, is done. The room is lined with tables draped in food-stained indigo cloth and laden with encyclopedias, notebooks, a globe, beer cans, and overflowing ashtrays. The self-styled snobs close to work in this guttered place, discussing officers, secretaries, jobs, or lives, because it is convenient from their houses, remote from the hundreds of people who want access to them, and only twenty feet from a bar.

The story of Trivial Pursuit is a story about bars. In the Acorn's bar Chris Haney drops his two-foot-chase balls into a chair, smooches his handlebar mustache, orders a light beer, lights a cigarette, and considers bangers and rash for lunch. Scott Abbott, Matt as Haney's left, smaller, fair-haired, peroxide, the "wordsmith" of the group, drops beside him, followed by John Haney, Chris's older brother, who looks younger, calmer, less worn out. They could be a rock band on a break, except they

by Louise Bernikow

LENDING: HANCOCK'S book on business in America will be published next fall by Harper & Row. This marks her first appearance in *Esquire*.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MATHIAS

ENJOYING THE FRUITS OF FIVE-YEAR PURSUIT ARE HORN ABBOTT'S ORIGINALS. FROM LEFT: JOHN HANEY, CHRIS HANEY, AND SCOTT ABBOTT. WITH HELP FROM BARS AND BOOKS, THESE CANADIAN SONS OF THE SIXTIES HAVE BUILT UP A NOT-SO-TRIVIALEMPRE.

don't talk about links or chord changes.
"What if we did a postmodern edition of the game?" Chris says. "How about, 'What's the capital of the United States after the Holocaust?'"

Abbott says a beat. "Air Force One," he answers.

"And what are the first words of the President's first speech?"

"My fellow Americans...."

The journey ending at the Ascot Inn started in a similarly merry mood at a kitchen table covered with beer bottles. It was Saturday afternoon, the middle of December 1979. Chris Haney, whose table it was, was a thirty-year-old photo editor at the Montreal Gazette. Scott Abbott was a thirty-year-old sports writer for the Canadian Press. The two had been friends for a few years. Abbott had moved in with Chris and his wife, Sarah, because the Haneyes couldn't afford the house alone. They were not what you would call nose-to-the-grindstone guys. Haney dropped out of high school when he was seventeen. Numbknotting was in his blood. He had been to thirteen different schools and "every town we lived in, we were famous because our father sent the news on the radio." His brother John, according to Sarah Haney, "is the serious, responsible one. He's the one who sends flowers to Mom on her birthday. Chris was always on a lark."

Scott Abbott was also a more settled and equally more respectable guy. He was a hockey player who had stayed in school and gone on to get a master's degree in communications at the University of Toronto. In the American Tavern, across the street from the Gazette, where he and Chris spent a lot of pool-shooting, beer-drinking time, he was known for his unbuttoned theories of sports trivia.

Haney and Abbott were playing Scrabble at the kitchen table that Saturday. They were also thinking about money. There had been many Scrabble games but none solid. Think how much you could make if you invented a game. This was not the first time the two had thought about money together. A year before, they'd organized a chain-letter scheme that brought in a couple of thousand dollars.

It took forty-five minutes to come up with the game. It would be an old-fashioned board game, the kind of game, Haney says, "everybody has stashed away in their closets." It would be a question-and-answer game, all about "the kind of things we know from being in the news business, being attached to small details." "Trivia. Trivia Funnel. Sarah Haney added an 'O' to the name 'because it sounded better.'"

Haney and Abbott turned out to be more serious about Trivia Funnel than anyone would have thought. They went almost immediately to John Haney, who was the house manager of the Shaw Festival Theatre in Niagara-on-the-Lake and trying to figure out what a hockey player paid his

prize might do with his life. Knowing they would need two real whizzes, they asked a lawyer to the group—Ed Werner, who had played hockey with John at Colgate University. In January of 1980 they formed a company called Horn Abbott Ltd., naming Chris's mother, and to be either Haney or Haney, with Abbott owning the first 49. I was dropped to allow them to create their logic: an abbot with a horn—a funny abbot. Horn Abbott would manufacture and sell the game. They'd copyright, trademark, and patent everything they could, including the design of the board. Chris Haney and Scott Abbott would each own 22 percent of the company, John Haney and Ed Werner would each have 18 percent. The remaining equity would be split by selling shares at \$200 apiece, with a minimum purchase of five shares. Since they knew the game could go stale,

dealing with "people like us" that he actually talked to a magazine reporter who kept asking why Trivia Funnel had so many questions about President Kennedy's assassination. "The guy hadn't even been born then," Haney says, around that each people came or that they could hope to understand. "I was furious. I'll never forget it." The going terms to entice him particularly those with the ancestry of the Eighties. He had just talked with a twenty-one-year-old who was getting married and describing his career and financial plans. "For Christmas," Haney said, "why don't you go to Morocco and live for six months?"

"People like us" are scallies. They get by with a little help from their friends—they maintain authority. They're not living in the Sixties. They don't like computers, and they're not big on video games, with their isolated pleasures. But Haney and Abbott understood that the next step was to acquire some expertise in the game business, which meant convincing people not exactly "like us." In February they went to the Canadian Toy Fair in Montreal, the annual industry meeting at which manufacturers show their wares to potential buyers. Armed with a press pass and filmless cameras they "interviewed" toy company executives and retailers, saying afterward that they had gotten "a crash course in capitalism." Then they set out to find investors.

Mostly, they worked the farm. Hundreds of people lined their store. Derek Haney, a copyboy at the Gazette, coughed up \$1,000, convinced he would never see it again but figuring it beat buying lottery tickets. By April Chris Haney had quit his job and perched on his yacht.

Thirty-four people were persuaded to invest a total of \$46,000. Many of them had their hearts in their mouths as Chris, Sarah, and John sailed to Spain (Chris won't fly, although Sarah has a pilot's license) carrying dollar bags full of American bucks. They made their way to Naples, on the southern coast, a refuge for fugitives, ex-patriates, and dropouts from around the world. They'd been to Norm before—it was still full of "people like us." Daily, the southern men down to the beach carrying beer bottles and a mosh-up of the game. They made up questions and read them to "naive Australian and English boys we'd picked up," Chris says.

What made for a good Trivia Funnel question? "Things that 'got people going.'" All the questions were "amiable" questions—who, what, when, where, and why? If people laughed at the answers or stopped their keyboards asking they had known all along, the questions were good. Scott Abbott, who kept his job and flew to South or western time, to be sure, for planning. He wouldn't ask how many feet of wire a Slinky has, for example. That's too dry, too difficult. He'd ask, "What toy

Excised from an American edition: "How many months pregnant was Nancy Davis when she [married] Ronald Reagan?" ("Two and a half.")

even with six categories of questions, one thousand questions per category, they committed the teachers, right at the start, to creating two editions of the game a year for the next two years.

Their target audience was the baby-boom generation. Haney defined the market as "people like us," by which he meant something about sensibility as well as demographics. "The generation that made the Beatles rich would make us rich," he said. Scott Abbott was equally specific—they would aim at "the Howdy Doody to Garden Lady set." Whatever the innuendoes identified with and responded to would be the heart of the game. The "people like us" theme runs clear through the story of the game's creation, and the very Horn Abbott does business.

"People like us" were scouted by American outlets. "We scouted," Haney says, "I was born in 1950, and I lived in the U.S. border. I grew up on American television. Scott, John, and I all traveled a lot and did our own thing." So accustomed to Haney to



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contains 60 6-in. by 9-in. pages." Chris Haney had no interest in the right kind of subject. The quarantined Trivial Pursuit question for Haney: "Where is the best place in Europe to buy a real Volkswagen van?" This answer—"Antwerp; Expanses in Antwerp"—would be known to players on the beach in Margate, not from telephone books, but from experience. People like us know things like that.

BY THE SPRING OF 1982, HANEY WAS UNEMPLOYED IN CANADA; they looked up first in Ed Werner's house to find the question and then in an empty office next to T.J.'s bar to manufacture the game for test marketing. "We sat for days trying to figure out how to collect a thousand cards," Sarah Haney says. "The cards were worth 80 percent of the cost of the game—getting the six colors printed right and then coloring them. We thought, maybe the post office had a machine, but we ended up at a 'bookery.' Charlie, the proprietor, 'really earned the bill,' according to Sarah. "He'll be gone first 7:30 A.M. to 8:00 P.M." He was also drinking a good deal. The bartender "loved giving me triple Scotchies at night."

In November, 3,000 sets were ready to go. An eighteen-year-old out-of-work artist named Michael Wagner had designed the first board and been paid five shares in the company. Terry Mueller, a Canadian political cartoonist known as Judds, had been recruited to draw pictures that captured the game's irreverence, its politics, its fascination with touchstones of American culture. Richard Norm, noted in a history book, withdrew LIVED THROUGH IT from the AND EXPERIENCE IT written below. The Last Supper with comets, playing Trivial Pursuit, Says and Rock from Cave Mania. Mueller refined shares and took a \$2,000 payment instead.

All the crucial decisions about Trivial Pursuit had been made by the post, with every one of them went against the game, the game, the game. The questions were not sophisticated. The game was too expensive to make. Six companies were involved in production, and the six companies, like Harry Abbot, were shuffling space. They sold them for sixteen dollars wholesale, \$39.95 (retail)—an exorbitant price for a board game. The package design was odd—a high, tapered box with a happy family, an desperate maternal on the outside—a look that his name were described as a cross between a Brooks Brothers box and After Eight socks. The rationale behind it was to make the game outside from the start and sell it as a game that didn't usually carry games. The \$39.95 loss they took on the first run, then Abbot expected, would be offset by the credibility they would gain with banks when they sold out.

The partners staged the game in Toronto, St. Catherine's, and Vancouver

On one occasion, one partner placed two games in a store, another came in and bought one, the first returned and said, "You've sold 50 percent of your stock," and asked the retailer to "take a size pack." They sold out. By the time the Toy Fair ended around August, they mailed two Mastermail with their hopes high. They expected several thousand orders to come from their discount first on Montreal, then on New York. In the end, they had orders for fewer than three hundred games. A Milton Bradley executive had turned them down. Parker Brothers had agreed to have a look but returned the game unopened.

Through February and March, Chris Haney says, "we were broke." We could have been paid for a tiny, Chris suffered most. "I had done almost all the work," he says. "My heart and soul went in it. I drained my savings." He had been paying

"I had hangovers all the time and I was dreaming in Q and A. Thank God," Abbott says, "we don't have to put ourselves through that anymore."

himself \$150 a week. Sarah Haney returned back to her food industry. She was pregnant with her second child and looking for a job. Chris was not eating, drinking too much, and smoking five packs of Camel's a day.

Canadian stores wanted more games, but Harry Abbot couldn't remember Ed Werner finally carried up a server. A St. Catherine's bank manager came up with a \$75,000 line of credit, but the partners had to sign for personal liability. Production was set for May 15. Then the "shit," as Chris Haney calls it, hit.

He needs another year before he will talk about it. His palms sweat. When he stumbled, John fell on his face. They were in a restaurant and Chris collapsed on the floor. John cradled his head in his arms. An ambulance sped them to the hospital, where Chris lay in a white care bed. They didn't look like a heart attack, but the medical diagnoses were mixed, compounded by the stress he had been hauling upon his body. He said, he went right back to work. Two

weeks later, Sarah got a phone call from John. "When I got there," she says, "Chris was a blithering idiot in a fetal position in the back of a car." Sarah decided against hospitalizing him and took her to her parents' farm. For weeks Chris changed mood, cooled, and woke to no one.

Twenty thousand games sailed into stores at the end of May. Scott Abbott left his job at last. He and John Haney closed most to cover Chris's substance. Then Tim Vernon, a former Parker Brothers executive who had become head of Charbon Products, a Canadian game company, got interested. Chris came down from the farm to meet with Vernon and went right back. Negotiations began, and Vernon sent a game to Selchow & Righter, an American company whose pieces he distributed.

1982 WAS THE YEAR'S BIG YEAR. RETAIL sales of video games and software in the United States reached \$1.1 billion. Board-game companies were in trouble. Selchow & Righter, the company's oldest game company, had made the decision early on to "stick to the knitting" and, except for a brief excursion, stayed out of the electronic game market. Scrabble and Parcheesi had been their bread and butter, reliable if unspectacular sellers for years. (The Scrabble connection makes skeptical wonder about the story of Trivial Pursuit's origins over a Scrabble board.) In 1980, according to Richard Selchow, who worked in the company's publicity before taking over the presidency of his grandfather's company, "we had to take some write-offs." The next year was better, with revenues for Selchow & Righter rising \$50 million. In September 1982 a Trivial Pursuit game arrived with the company's Ray Shaw, New York, headquarters.

Richard Selchow sat down in his office to play the game with his son-president for marketing, John Nason, and his head of research and development, Ed Rowett. They played it wrong, giving themselves notions for every right answer. Nason couldn't think where the Wright Brothers had landed their first plane. Kitty Hawk never came to him. Nor did Nixon know the date of Daguerre's first photograph. Richard Selchow didn't know Marilyn Monroe's last name. He still doesn't.

The three men loved the game and decided to proceed, banking on a market they hoped was weary of the tradition of video games and ready for the "social interaction" they had just experienced. Ed Werner and Scott Abbott arrived from Canada to negotiate. So the company that turned down Monopoly because it resembled pushing out the company made up of guys who knew the rules of the stock market questions later came from the first American edition of the game.

"How many months pregnant was Nancy Davis when she walked down the aisle with Ronald Reagan?" ("Two and a half.")



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"What was Woody Allen's last line in *The Purple Heart*?" "I've lost you-know-who."

Nancy calls the executives "Gloobsters" and meet Lawrence Welch. Selchow calls the Heineys and Abbott, collectively and effectively, "a parent's nightmare." No matter. Selchow & Righter agreed to relocate the game and delineate it in the United States, paying a 10-percent royalty and a \$75,000 advance in an industry where royalties range from 5 to 7 percent and \$5,000 advances are considered large.

On November 15 the Silver Screen edition of *Trivial Pursuit* was launched in Toronto. The next day Selchow and Righter flew up for the official signing of their agreement. A television crew was at the Hilton Garden Hotel to cover it. On Christmas Eve, Heiney's hand took his Visa card away because he was late with a fifty-dollar payment.

It fell to John Nason to market *Trivial Pursuit* in the United States. Selchow & Righter couldn't afford to advertise. Nason looked for a public relations firm, instead.

At the suggestion of a college buddy, Nason called Linda Pennino, who had been a housewife for a little more than two years but was starting out on her own in Greenwich Village, gone into the PR business instead, and there still enough to attract offers to buy her small agency. Pennino accepted a cramped space on Fifty-seventh Street in Manhattan with the staff sitting on each other's laps.

Nason said he was from Selchow & Righter.

"What's that?"
"We make Scribble!"

Within a few days of the meeting, Pennino gave herself a week-end crash course in the game business but the one that the Heineys and Abbott had acquired at the start. By Monday morning she had a strategy ready. Nason laid the chemistry immediately after their meeting by calling Selchow to say the company should look no further: Nason offered Pennino a six-month contract to introduce *Trivial Pursuit*. She would be paid \$45,000, of which she'd take half in cash. Then he showed the press release and told her to go ahead with the first promotional phase. The *Toy Fair*, scene of debacles for the game's inventors just a year before, was only eight weeks away. Could they afford the buyers, got their answer?

"Usually," Pennino says, "by the time a client responds to an idea, the window has closed. Nason doesn't wait around." Not did Pennino. She wanted to start with samples—the way top companies bring "sample" products to their clients. She also found investors. "They address the crazy maniacs with paid high debts and a three-second attention span." She'd do a trailer, but she knew no one read junk mail. So she had the smallest available

carriage the U.S. Postal would deliver and created a card in *Trivial Pursuit* that slipped it into the yellow envelope, had it handmailed, and left off the return address. Each folded card contained a sample question card from *Trivial Pursuit*. Outside, the first card said, "TWO, FIFTY-SEVEN, A CANADIAN HISTORY STORY. The second added the line OFFICIAL U.S. INTRODUCTION TO THE FAIR. The third card ended with, NOW WHOSE ANSWER IS CORRECT. For three weeks before the *Toy Fair*, 3,000 toy buyers got a mailing a week. They started calling Selchow & Righter to complain if they missed one.

Later, Pennino took the *Trivial Pursuit* cards that named living celebrities and used them to make interviews and parties to eighty stars. Larry Hagman responded that he'd always known he was trivial but not that he would become famous for it. James Naughton said a head writer made him Switzerland. Gregory Peck had to play the role of a man who is a liar and a liar. Pennino says, "we stinky and were against traditional marketing wisdom." How many decks would send something out that doesn't have marketing information—like their name? These was no way of estimating if these things were worth it. This was a long job both and they took it.

Pennino and her friend spawned the inventors' idea that *Trivial Pursuit* should be aimed at the baby-boom generation. They went for a larger audience—"high teens to sixty," Pennino says, "upside and educated. We never thought baby boomers." Adult's posters were never used in the United States.

For a long and frightening moment it looked as if nothing would happen. Pennino used John Nason and Scott Abbott on a promotional tour of New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. They appeared mostly on radio programs aimed at trivia nuts. Chris Heiney refused to come. Stories had the game, but the game wasn't moving. Selchow & Righter needed warehouse space to store the surplus.

THE NEW CANAL AREA. As a 2000 surprise, it Hollywood, where Pennino, the game had caught fire. People were giving *Trivial Pursuit* prizes and using borrowed copies of the Silver Screen edition, already on the market in Canada. The cost of the television show *Star Line* where the cast of *The Big Chill*, then brought, with looked. If ever there was a natural connection, it was the one between the game and the film about British kids living in the Righties. The connection was not immediately apparent to Pennino, who was approached when Columbia Pictures called "I brought them to tell me that the game was in the movie," she says. It wasn't—Chris Heiney and later a telegram from Columbia asking to use the game in the film had misread him—but Columbia wanted twenty games for a small

promotion. Without dwelling on her situation, Pennino promised some hundred games and full cooperation. By the time she was done, she had arranged for every journalist who attended the film's New York screening to get a copy of the game. To her knowledge, Richard Selchow gave out at the Hollywood premiere of the film, and to say with ease, so though she had known it of doing, that "the spirit of *The Big Chill* is the spirit of *Trivial Pursuit*."

In Canada, however, Scott Abbott was experiencing the spirit of burnout. He remembers the day "On June 2, 1982, I was driving along a highway and I got stopped. My last would be work on the game, but I pulled the road. We were under the gun and there were no more. I had been over all the time and I was sleeping in Q and A. Thank God," he says, looking back, "we don't have to put ourselves through that anymore."

They don't. Abbott received Sales estimates for the game sold 2.2 million copies in 1983. In the United States a million games had been sold by the fall, when game sales traditionally are just getting under way. Selchow & Righter had sold at stock. A guess that had been sold at a discount of 25 percent. Heiney and Abbott wondered whether the accuracy was on the up-and-up, but it was. Selchow & Righter began to subcontract the manufacturing to new local facilities. Retail sales for the year in the United States totaled about 140 million. Pennino came to \$1,000 over her small budget. Her contract with Selchow & Righter was expanded. The Heineys went to New York to meet.

The year 1984 was the year of the empty *Trivial Pursuit* because a cultural artifact. It was hard to get a game capsule along with Michael Jackson's *Tantrum* album. The inventors continued production new editions—Baby Boomer and a Young Players edition in 1984, Grand Old Lady for introduction at the start of 1985.

To handle international licensing of the game, Horst Altmann recruited Blake Leffman from Ed Werner's law firm and set him up in Burbank, California—where Heiney calls "mother-in-law." He's right on a Jeremy Boffert song—said Boffert, "I don't know if I can get it." Boffert and Altmann distribution rights in General Mills and negotiated a \$600,000 advance on the royalties. Adopting *Trivial Pursuit* as a promotional device, some countries, others did. Heiney, later Spain. The inventor of *Raid*'s Kalle is working on the Hammer version.

Now comes the merchandise. Licensing the *Trivial Pursuit* trademarks for a range of products are Randy Geller, a lawyer who took one of the few licenses of original items in Horst Altmann because "I was impressed with the weakness of these guys," and John Hunsack, a former child of Geller's, who has twenty years' experience in merchandising. At their first meeting

Chris Heiney told Geller and Hunsack to "get rid of those suits," but they still seem to be in the suit. This strategy for licensing products behind standard Horst Altmann business practices. They don't only with manufacturers, are phobic about distributors, and won't work with anyone they don't feel comfortable with. Geller and Hunsack receive royalties as high as the game makers, equally unlikely of in the industry. They're signing with products aimed at an "upscale" market—a brass box to hold the game, gold etched playing cards. The idea is to put the game at the top and "trickle down" in the mass star. Although Geller estimates the built-in advertisement for products at "at least one million units," they have no reason to go for a quick buck. No cheap promotions. No cheap products. "Our livelihood," Geller says, "depends on longevity."

At the end of the road lies a desire to leave town while everyone else thinks about longevity. Selchow & Righter has expanded its plant and brought new products. Linda Pennino has moved to a post office in lower Manhattan, where she has twenty employees and sells \$500,000 a year in toys. But Nason Abbott has begun to expand the game to others—the old of a Canadian children's magazine to be the Young Players edition, two music crates and a kid from Atlanta to produce a game based on music history. Of the original

two, Scott Abbott is the only one with "a great concern about being occupied." John Heiney seems content to be with the child he, and his wife have just adopted. Chris Heiney is sticking to fight back and straight-up competition that he might like to copy his success. All he wants to do now is "go to Detroit and watch the shows."

But first they have to think about money. A playing card was stuck last fall when Heiney wrote Fred L. Worth for a \$300,000 loan to California clearing land he had bought. One third of the questions in the original *Game* edition, and a good number of the Silver Screen questions. Worth's says, "we're afraid, mistakes and all, don't say anything. We're afraid. I'm a \$300,000 loan to California clearing land he had bought. One third of the questions in the original *Game* edition, and a good number of the Silver Screen questions. Worth's says, "we're afraid, mistakes and all, don't say anything. We're afraid. I'm a \$300,000 loan to California clearing land he had bought. One third of the questions in the original *Game* edition, and a good number of the Silver Screen questions. Worth's says, "we're afraid, mistakes and all, don't say anything. We're afraid. I'm a \$300,000 loan to California clearing land he had bought. 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How Much Bigger Can Arnold Schwarzenegger Get?

He legitimized body building, muscled up to the Kennedys, and conquered Hollywood. So much for the warm-up

BY LYNN DARLING

It is 11:30 on a cool San Francisco morning, and Arnold Schwarzenegger is working out. He stretches himself in the corner that runs the length of the room, a big man who looks like an evergreen led in his out-of-control gym shorts, black T-shirt, and white socks and tennis shoes, a big man transformed into a parody of pain by his efforts. His head is squeezed in sharp oblique lines, his hard eyes bulge, the muscles flare. He pulls down on a black gym bar that causes a narrow of weight. The weights are set at 125 pounds. Schwarzenegger pulls down six times, and then he rests, increases the weight, and does six more repetitions.

"I'm looking huge, size," says a bald behemoth in passing, but is far, at six foot two, 327 pounds, Schwarzenegger looks surprisingly normal. It is not his body but his face that suggests his strength: bushy eyebrows, wide jaw, jutting brow, carved, angular nose, shaved, approximating eyes. Occasionally a gap-toothed grin will appear to challenge the look of Teutonic authority, but for the moment he settles for a quick self-amused smile.

"Thank you, thank you," he says, setting the weights at 150 pounds. Arnold isn't there any more doing what he is doing, and the room is filled with the clank and hum and howl of the weights and pulleys and the grunts and exclamations of those working out on their own. In one corner there are a couple of sleepy little guys talking intense voices, and in another there are

Leon Douglas, a frequent contributor to *Esquire*, the photo of James Rogers High (left) appeared in the December 1994 issue.



PHOTOGRAPHY: GORDON BIRNELL

Will the Terminator himself try to introduce the world to a whole new concept of the body politic?

delivering 800s to apply calls, came *The Bratman*. The movie was the number one box-office grosser in the country but fell short of the *Eagles* obsession with high-tech and virtuoso. Schwarzenegger, in the title role, is a robotic humanoid killed from the future. He has about five lines of dialogue in the film and one facial expression, but his use makes him at once subliminal and a spokesman as he stomps around Los Angeles spraying much of the population with an Unsubstance gun.

Schwarzenegger is determined, however, to escape confinement to his low-level action-cinema ghetto. To be something more than just another bank-of-Italy meat. Not that he is going to be another Gialini or Oliver. He sees himself, instead, as the best Burt Reynolds or the new Clint Eastwood.

So far, he has taken classes in acting, dialogue and screen movement, preparing himself for the time when the same intensity and methodical discipline that brought him a fifty-seven-inch chest, twenty-eight-and-a-half-inch thighs, and requests from fans offering him \$500 for his peeing trunk. He has disciplined his expectations as well.

"We have to take a one step at a time," Schwarzenegger explains in his accented *buenos profundos*. "Otherwise it would be like expecting to go from Mr. Austria to Mr. Olympia. I do find that support as an actor. I am surrounded with people who are very good, and, in this way, I grow ahead. One thing I must be clear, or blind."

The problem is that there's another thing he may not do, and that's an actor. He must occasionally transcend himself into something that could be admired directly for what it is, for what he himself made. Arnold Schwarzenegger would seem to have no more chance of subsuming himself in another character than he has of learning Japanese.

"It's not a natural," concedes his friend John Milius, who directed Schwarzenegger in *Conan the Barbarian*. "He'll learn, and he'll improve, but he's not an actor. It's detrimental to a man. From the point of view of someone who is displaying himself, it is not pure. It's not an occupation for a superhero."

None of Schwarzenegger's friends believe that he will stay in motion forever, and there are two prevailing theories as to what he will do next. The most popular, and the most plausible, is the one that Schwarzenegger himself endorses, that eventually he will turn his talent for making money into a career as a movie mogul, whether that entails behind-the-scenes. He already does a fairly broad version of *Don De Luca*, who presented the two *Conan* movies and whom he has adopted as his role model. Schwarzenegger figures, probably correctly, that hav-

ing sold America on body building, he can sell it anything, even the standard pacifist slogan that Hollywood jockeys.

This is all right so far as it goes, but it lacks the requisite imagination and scope. Schwarzenegger's charisma, his talent for outwitting and provoking his audience, his hunger for attention, the insights into power that the situation he has engineered make him give him suggest to some of his admirers another possible career.

Arnold Schwarzenegger, public servant. The idea was first served up in 1980, seven years ago, when Caroline Kennedy introduced Schwarzenegger to her cousin Marie Shriver at the Robert F. Kennedy Pro-California "American Tournament in Eureka, Hills. The two began a wonderful exchange of American dreams: profiles in courage and calisthenics. Since then, rumor has it that Schwarzenegger is planning to make it on his Kennedy connection in order to introduce us to a whole new concept of the body politic.

There are, however, a couple of problems with this idea, not the least of which is that Schwarzenegger's policies are not exactly Kennedy liberal. They are, in fact, of the rock-ribbed conservative Republican variety, ardently anti-communist, founded on a faith in free enterprise, and buttressed by generous contributions not only to Ronald Reagan's presidential campaign, but to just about any California Republican running for an office higher than dogcatcher.

Then there is the fact that he himself denies having any such ambition. "I'm interested in politics, of course," Schwarzenegger says, "because it's so related to business. But I don't want to get involved in anything in a normal way, not in an intense way."

Such protestations do not fear the Schwarzenegger hybrid. "Arnold New" says *Kid Dada* director Milius, enjoying the campaign slogan and finding his boss by way of demonstrating a possible loan. "We've got it all figured out. I'm going to be the Minister of Defense. No, make that the Minister of Culture."

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," says a close friend. "He's talked about [politics] to me and teachers as a possible avocation. Maybe he'll run for the assembly or the state senate in California, but I think he's kind of always had the governorship of California in the back of his mind. He's a body politician."

Says Charles Gaines, "When you think of the things that Reagan is putting his finger on, the new politicians, the check-kissers, the upstarts, the voracious work ethic—I can't think of a person better placed than Arnold to capitalize on that."

Late one afternoon a limousine drops Schwarzenegger off a few blocks from the Los Angeles Sports Arena, the site of the Olympic boxing matches. As he walks

toward the entrance he steps every now and then and says a few words to a group he passes—across his motorcycle, the people he talks to all wear plastic American flags—and he waits for them to recognize him. They all do, after a moment's consideration, and as soon as they do, he moves on, pleased with the result of his introductory job.

Inside, he watches the matches closely. No, he says, he never wanted to be an Olympic himself, not even a weight lifter, the event that most closely resembles his own nature. "I looked when those guys were afterward," he says. "And they all become electrical engineers. To me, your way up to three hundred pounds and then jump on how to get rid of it—that's what I want!" He watches a young Nigerian fighter leave the ring, his moment over almost as quickly as it began. "All that work," he says, "for that little bit of time."

As he knows, a day young security guard engineers Schwarzenegger and only here to escort him back to his limousine. Schwarzenegger is flustered by the view in the man's eyes and begins to ask him questions. The guard tells Schwarzenegger that he is going to night school to study business and that he hopes eventually to start his own small shop.

"You should still do this," Schwarzenegger tells him.

"I buy your garden, sir?" utters the bewildered guard.

"Sure," explains Schwarzenegger. "People buy them for presents, they like to be funny at parties. They really sell."

It was a bizarre piece of advice, Schwarzenegger's lifetime version of "Go west, young man." But it was also the latest act change in an attitude toward ambition that simply does not matter what you do, just find your groove, then make your move.

Arnold, of course, has always thought big. "I was always dreaming of very powerful people, dictators and things like that," Schwarzenegger said in *Pumping Iron*. "I was just always impressed by people who could be remembered for hundreds of years or even, like Jesus, for thousands of years."

Over time, was something embarrassing about Schwarzenegger. To him, it seemed, all ambition was of equal extent, equal weight. It did not matter in what was involved, the time accorded to projects and the time due to body builders would all be met in the same measuring speed.

Now he gets out on an America that has adopted an attitude he embraced long ago, the insensibility of success, the self-judging nature of desire. Perhaps it's time Arnold Schwarzenegger thought about acting and politics and all the rest, and settled down to a full-time job as the country's reigning cultural icon. What better symbol, after all, for new-age ambition run amok? ☐

THE *Esquire* COLLECTION

Spring 1985

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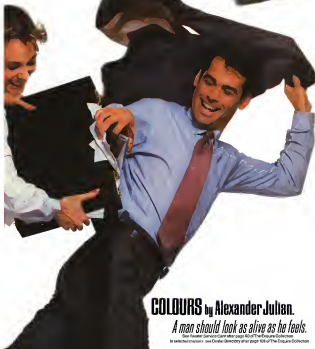
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Zeffirelli directs the classics. And wears one.

For Film Director Franco Zeffirelli, no creative challenge is too formidable.

It was said that Shakespeare would never be a popular success on the screen, but Zeffirelli responded with the widely acclaimed "Romeo and Juliet."

Opera was considered equally impossible, but his film "La Traviata" opened to rave reviews in America and Europe. Zeffirelli's protean talent extends to costume and set design, and his grandiose stagings for "La Bohème" are considered classic.

If there is a common thread in all of his work, it is that Zeffirelli sees things as a painter. And he likes to work in full, dra-



matic canvasses, giving careful attention to the slightest splash of color.

It is no coincidence that Zeffirelli, the truly Renaissance man, should have been born and classically educated in Florence. "But you don't have to school in Florence to learn about art and civilization," he says. "It is all around you."

Franco Zeffirelli's taste for the classics extends to the watch he wears: the Rolex Oyster Chronometer in 18 kt. gold. "I chose this watch because it is above fashion. It simply sets the standard."

For Franco Zeffirelli and Rolex, the way to ensure the highest standards is to set them yourself.



ROLEX



Portrait: The Actor-Film Director Franco Zeffirelli. Photo: Peter Dinklage.

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From the Stores

SHOP TALK. Spending money in a men's clothing store or department is not difficult, but trying to decide what to spend that money on can be. To help solve this problem, Equine asked several designers across the country what new first men's will want to add to their wardrobes for spring/summer 1985.

Jim Goetts (Neuman-Marcus, Dallas): "I think men will be buying new sweaters. The sweater market has exploded with lots of new design interest and the return of pure fabrics—especially in a variety of semi-trunk styles."

John Joseph (Ulrich, Chicago): "What's new in the store for us is the use of rayon in a fabric for shirts, jackets—everything. It feels good and means we haven't changed the whole look of traditional dress. I also think the overseas sport coat will replace the blazer jacket as the important topper for casual wear."

Robert Korndt (Nashville, Los Angeles): "Our customers have been into sport jackets for so long that I think a suit will look new if it's worn in a more casual, funky way. For example, a man might wear a sport-jacket shirt or a sport-jacket with a white button-down shirt. I also think vests will be a popular item."

Jack Luba (Bergdorf Goodman, New York): "I think we're going to be seeing more sport shirts as opposed to the kind of dress shirts men have been buying for the past five years. The sport shirts are much closer to their design in general with lots of new, updated looks such as prints. I don't think men will be going for Jean Paul Gaultier's shirts."

Roy White (Macys, California): "You bet on casual sweaters in both collared and loose cut styles, and sweaters or coats. They can replace some of the jackets. You can wear them with a bow tie. Designers have updated cardigans, and they come in great colors."

John Kinski (Louis, Boston): "For spring a British-inspired look will be important in suits, with a London West End look that speaks of custom-made. We buy the tweed jackets from England. Unisex shirts in luxury fabrics, such as the Italian cotton, done in typical British stripes, will stand out well far as far more casual wear, we're featuring light, easy-dressing sweaters in linen in a range of sport colors."

Clifford Grundt (Paul Stuart, New York): "Items that have been considered novel in past seasons are becoming important as accessories this spring, such as white-trimmed, colorfully patterned socks for business wear, and distinctive pocket handkerchiefs. There's a new marketplace in men's in spring fabrics like linen or cotton madras. I like bright barbershop-style ties that are worn on the lapel."

Jon Lester (Perkins Shaw, Denver)

FASHION UPDATE: March 1985

"This season I like the beautiful hand-knit cotton sweaters in silk, mixed from Italy and England. Also, men sport jackets and linen suits for the warm months."

William Bradford Wilton (Babcock, San Francisco): "The latest arrival is a new short-sleeved sport shirt in a floral print fabric. We also have new trousers that are drapery and fall at the way down. Also, men's are glass-fronted jackets in solid colors like silk, in styles from blazers to unstructured sport jackets. They're very dramatic and yet casual."

Richard Carroll (Carroll and Company, Beverly Hills): "Bookish brushed tropical-wood suits are very important for spring. Men can wear them for ten or eleven months out here because it's not that hot. We're introducing a very high-

short. Men have been staying away from shorts for years. I think that many men left their pants looked like this in the store, but with the fitness boom all that has changed. Men are much more confident now."

Crease Grasse (Torre Steele, Beverly Hills): "This spring is a great season for men. We are very excited with Luciano Soprano's new line of dress jackets, suits, and shirts. Our customers seek a business suit or jacket that is more relaxed and comfortable, with interesting textures."

Levi's, New York City: Herbert Pink, who founded the Theodore and Country Club Fashions stores in the Los Angeles area, and Larry Chrysler, who was associated for seven years with Beverly Hills Jerry Maguire store for men,



Mary Jane Marcasiano's oversize short-sleeved cotton shirt and silk tie

would rather wear cardigans, sweaters, or a cotton cardigan. He is the executive who gets on the airplane, brings up his jacket, and doesn't want to walk around in short sleeves. We're also featuring a field vest in leather and cotton with lots of practical pockets."

Jon Wheeler (Charisma, New York): "Recent shorts. I think they're the new fashion accessory. Men can wear them with pants, and they work as shorts because they come in so many interesting patterns and designs now. We're putting a special accent in one of our items just for lower shorts."

Michael Schreier (Barney, New York): "The new interest is in the short-sleeved

shirt combined with an outfit in a new style. I think that many men left their pants looked like this in the store, but with the fitness boom all that has changed. Men are much more confident now."

fashion. We chose the name "Contents" because what we're offering is a table of contents, a new story in clothing."

SOLO CUSTOMER: Women of fashion often have to travel to Paris to buy a custom garment. Luckily, a man-to-order an idea of clothing that means the difference from one of the big-name designers. But American men need go no farther than Manhattan's SoHo district, because of two shops that recently opened on Thompson Street, directly across from each other, each specializing in male-to-order designs for men. Koca ran den Alder (72 Thompson Street) offers custom items ranging from \$100 for a pair of cotton pants to \$2,000 for a coat. Via les Akker, who describes his designs as "a creative look for men who want to look different," also has a custom evening wear collection called Night Gear. At DeLuca Simone Courne 189 Thompson Street) male-to-order pants begin at \$400, short jackets at \$250, and coats at \$800. "We do very elegant sports wear, reminiscent of what movie stars wore in the 1940s," says Lou DeLuca. The man who started it all in SoHo is Piero Oddare, who opened his Emporio Italia Made (118-Germans Street) with both clothing. His 2000 season will be ready-to-wear designs in 1993.

From the Market

THINGS WEAR BETTER WITH COKE. We all know the saying: "You are what you eat. But are you money fit. You wear what you drink?" Marjia International, the people who put Clara Mosier's name in the closet, are licensed to market a full line of sportswear under the Coca-Cola label. The sportswear line, specifically designed for leisure-time activities, will be launched somewhere this year and will be aimed at young adults in their twenties and thirties. A line for boys, girls, and teens will follow. Marjia chairman Nolan Marjia, biding at the prospect of all that product identification, comments: "Coca-Cola is a legend, and the potential is truly exciting. Coca-Cola is one of the world's best-known brand names. It is consumed in the rate of more than 200 million servings a day, and people in 225 countries around the world associate it with fun, youth, honesty, quality, and value. Coca-Cola brand clothing will reflect those images."

JEANS ARE HOT: Maria Buck, who made her mark designing women's jewelry and accessories for women for the past two and a half years, has branched out with an equally appealing new line for men. Maria Buck's men's designs—which she calls "denim, whenever, and any occasion"—are inspired by traditional club symbols, such as bowling pins, racing flags, tennis rackets, and ovals. These eccentric images range from cuff links to the design of rings

whenever or domains to lapel pins of airplanes or horse shoes. "The line was a lot of fun to design," she says. "I didn't want it to be too flamboyant because I wanted it to have the potential to be worn by people who wouldn't normally adorn themselves." The Maria Buck for Men line retails for about \$5 to \$50.

SPRINKLE OF SMALL: Fashion followers who want to keep up on the absolute latest word in the latest trends seem to have one eye on Jean-Paul Gaultier in Paris and the other on Stephen Sprouse in America. While Gaultier is absorbed in turning men into a sex object, Sprouse has his male customers suitably spaced-out for spring. The designer—who is continuing to create Spouse-spirited subcultures, day-Glo colored fabrics that glow in the dark, and basic black as an eternal color—also leans on video-screen printed pants and "glamor" coats and shirts that depict the terrain out in space.

HER SUCCESS STAINS HIM: Three successful women's-wear designers have decided that if "she" can do it, so can "he." The result is new men's wear lines from Liz Claiborne, Albert Nigon, and Todd Oldham. Claiborne's men's line, which will debut for H-dog 1993, will be an approach-

contemporary overtone... Claiborne had met a fashion friend. "In the spring the season, Todd Oldham's spring line of some fourteen pieces is a 'team of colors' propping in cotton and nylon," says Oldham. "I'm designing for a more casual customer, the adventurous man who is willing to take a chance with quirky fabric that's done in a traditional style or a traditional fabric done in a quirky style."

From Abroad

PARIS AND PARIS, PARIS: The most timely accessories observed at the spring/summer men's fashion shows in Paris and Milan were the watches the models wore on their wrists. What's new about wearing a watch? Nothing. What was new was the way they were worn: watches at once on the same wrist, some with the hands set for the hour in three different cities at three different time zones—say, Los Angeles-New York-Paris. The trick is to be able to look off which watch at once for which international locale.

UNDO IT YOURSELF: The basic male wardrobe—the business suit—may be undergoing some major alterations, if Paris men's wear designers have their say. Lucien Focell showed suits that looked



Maria Buck's oversize propeller-and-compass blazer-pocket pin. Sport jacket by Norman Hilton

muchly soft—five-piece sport-to-wear line called, curiously, *Chicory*. "The success of Liz Claiborne's women's line has been a result of the care that's gone into the product, the quality, and the consistent flow of fashion," says Claiborne president Jay Magallo. "We're approaching the men's the same way." Albert Nigon has two new men's lines, both overseen by Albert's son, Andrew. Albert Nigon, however, which was designed for Highway and made its debut last fall, is the sportswear line, Albert Nigon, the latest clothing line, is inspired by Ricky-Freeman and set to be launched in the fall of 1993. Nigon's Robert Wolf says that the men's line will be aimed at "a classic man with

somewhat traditional, until the jacket was moved to reveal dark shirts with no stripes—certainly one concession to the Nantucket generation. Jean-Paul Gaultier took a shortcut when designing his new spring/summer suits and showed one with a jacket that has short sleeves. Nougat cut out pajama-collar sport shirts under his tailored double-breasted suits. And Claude Montana decided the whole look was unstable and ignored traditional business wear altogether. He opted for jackets and trousers in linen and gabardine that have been affixed with leisurewear that with life at the top of the executive ladder. Other designers are taking an almost abstract view of traditional



JEFFREY BANKS

settings. At Cannes des Garçons, jokers sometimes have double lipgels and trousers are often cropped to allow an unbuttonable midriff. The everywhere seems to be losing their stringbeach neckwear is absent rather than just knotted a few notches below the Adonis apple or unbuttoned and simply slung around the neck.

on whom? Georgia Annari, Milan's fashion kingpin, might not speak English very well but she's proving to be quite an anglophile. Annari and her partner, Sergio Galeazzi, have signed a long-term agreement with renowned London designer Vivienne Westwood to produce and distribute a collection in her name. The agreement with the woman many believe to be the most avant of the British fashion world marks the first such move made by the Annari organization to diversify their activities beyond the Armani label. "I've always admired her work and the integrity of her designs," says Annari. "This is not a partnership, but a dreamlike backing; so she'll be doing what she's been doing all along. There'll be both men's and women's clothes." Westwood first gained international attention in partnership with rock apostate Malcolm McLaren, with whom she created the business and the London boutique known as World's End, which spawned both punk and grunge in their heyday. Westwood and McLaren dissolved their partnership in 1983 after a highly publicized rift.

NOT FOR WOMEN ONLY: Last fall European and American women-wear designers raided men's closets for the fabrics that they used in the men's-wear inspired designs of their collections. In a women's "tatsushout in her play" move, Prussian men's-wear designers incorporated men's fabrics traditionally reserved for the bar set in their spring/summer lines. Some examples of the new "in of men" fabric treatments: Jean-Paul Gaultier's use-through arguably said, Jean-Charles de Castelbajac's shirts, vests, and shorts in Liberty print florals; Nina Ricci's over-the-eyebrow denim shirts and tunics worn over lace pants; and his peacock-colored pajama shirts that recall Coco Chanel's delectable designs from the Thirties; Ralph Lauren's cotton twill, calf-length coat-dress with a show of lace for from hem to bust. Also noteworthy was the resurgence of interest in quality synthetics such as viscose, rayon, polyester, and capre (another rayon-family fiber). These synthetics—which often have a shiny finish and a fluid texture—may owe their new respectable status to the current gender-bender fashion trend that allows men to dress up their workdays.

SEEKING REDISCOVERY: Jeff Sayre, the Houston-born designer who captiv-

ated himself to Paris over a decade ago, will make a comeback in the U.S. this spring with new line of sportswear under his own name. Sayre, who was designer for Christian August and Giorgio Armani in the mid-Seventies and then designed under his own name for several years (he rejoined August as designer in 1983), has created a limited collection of sweaters, sweat tops, a few shirts, and pants, and his signature overcoat parka coat. The all-weather will be loose-fitting, overcoat and unconstructed, with fluid shapes that are shaded in unconventional tones, such as acid yellow, dark grape, and booby green. Sayre's U.S. representative, Mark Winston, says the designer plans to expand the firm in future seasons. Stores carrying the Jeff Sayre line this spring include Barneys, New York; the 34 Collection, Miami; Alton, Philadelphia; and J.P. Todd, Kansas City, Missouri.

From the Counter

OWNERSHIP: Estée Lauder, a queen of the women's cosmetics business, has decided to help men face their skin problems too, by introducing a new skin treatment system for the six-lax skin. Called Lauder for Men, it includes eight skin-soothing products: Daily Cleansing Flax, Face



Serum, Skin Comfort Lotion, Men's Skin Repair Complex, Close-Shave Cream, Close-After Balm, All Day Action Antiperspirant, and Spray Tint. According to Lauder sources, the Men's Skin Repair Complex is the cornerstone of the regimen. "Laboratory tests show it helps increase the natural rate of repair of skin cells damaged by ultraviolet light. An added ingredient replenishes a critical moisture barrier." The good news is that, though you may be sweating skin care: better than the woman in your life, you may not be as left behind as you think. According to Lauder data: "A man's skin is thicker, more resilient, with a higher rate of oil secretion and a greater supply of collagen

in an underlying supportive layer—all built-in advantages that give men skin a greater degree of natural protection."

LAUREN REARS MEN'S SCENTS: Ralph Lauren is adding a new fragrance to his successful Cinqa and Polo scents, aimed at the man whose taste knows from elegance. Called Monogram, the new Lauren line from Warner Cosmetics is being introduced this spring and will be priced slightly higher than the other fragrances. (Life-saver: cologne, \$20, 3.8 ounce; after-shave, \$16.95). According to a spokeswoman at Lauren, Monogram is "a fragrance of intimate style and impeccable taste, one that is confidently masculine and appropriately sensual. The total effect is reminiscent of the look and feel of men's fine grooming products from the late Thirties and early Forties."

THERE'S A SCENT IN THEM THOSE HILLS: And there's a lot to be said for gold in the scent. The hills referred to are known by the name Beverly. And the scent is Fred Hayman's latest patented gold rose, called Giorgio. Beverly Hills for Men. Hayman, along with his co-creator, Galt, is the creator of the now-legendary Giorgio fragrance on Rodeo Drive and the creator of the Giorgio women's fragrance, the three-year-old

**Jeff Sayre's
cotton cardigan
with dropped
shoulder, over
a striped knit
polo shirt**

scent that will gross an estimated \$100 million in 1985. The Haymans already hope to have the same extraordinary success with a men's fragrance. Giorgio for Men comes in the same yellow and white-striped signature packaging and is four-ounce crystal flasks of cologne or cologne spray, priced at \$35. "We're selling it at both men's and women's counters in stores," says Fred. "We hope to gross \$5 to \$8 million this year." Galt describes the extraordinary use this way: "It's for the modern man who wears dung hats—athletes, ladies, executives, someone. It's not overpowering or scandalous. Basically, the man who wears Giorgio is saying, 'I'm warm. Come close to me.'"





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YVES SAINT LAURENT
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See Product Sample Card on page 10 of the Catalogue Collection



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WARDROBE

Ten by Ten

A Special **Esquire** Portfolio of Men's Fashion

MEN'S FASHION HAS CHANGED

after a prolonged period of playing it safe, and there's no turning back. The designers know it, the stores know it, and even the men who are letting the fashion vanguard pass them by know it. Yuppies, who spend their weekdays in corporate uniforms, are suddenly donning whimsical \$300 hand-knit sweaters on the weekends. Tiredly young men in London and New York are making men's skirts a legitimate topic of conversation, as well as a reality in many designer lines this spring. Suits may still be the mainstay of a man's wardrobe, but today's styles hang freely from the shoulders and end in baggy trousers that clear the ankles. Sweaters skim the body and are cropped at the waist; shirts are in silk, linen, and—especially this season—rayon. Coats range from ankle-length black silk cocoons to oversize sport jackets with double-trimmed towel lapels or none at all. And in a season when men's clothes are made of silk crepe, satiny viscose, slinky organza, shiny nylon, wooljersey, and floral damask, there are no more divisions between the sexes as far as fabrics are concerned.

How to chronicle these changes, which will influence the way men dress for several years to come? There seemed to be no better way than to view the work of ten leading men's-wear designers through the eyes of ten different visual artists, each of whom would bring a unique sensibility to men's fashion. The result is a series of strikingly personal and diverse images: the sweetly powerful and haunting vision of *Ellen*, the distillation of witty Americana by Reid Miles, the relentless French cool of Jean-Paul Gaultier, the hotly poetic video images of Nan June Pak, the languorous sensuality of Jacques-Henri Lartigue, the neon-etched city-street rhythms of William Klein, the improbably dense scenarios of Les Krims, the cinema-inspired lighting nuances of Diane Kordon, the adventure and gregarious masculinity of Peter Beard, and the offbeat romantic notions of Max Vachon. Their distinctly individual views meet the strength and spirit of the newest styles with comparable creativity.

by Vincent Boucher



Comme des Garçons by Diane Kenton



Claude Montana by Jean-Paul Gaultier



Ferry Ellis by Reid Miles



Celine Klein by Nam June Paik



Issey Miyake by Eiko Ishioka with David Byrne



Giorgio Armani by Max Vadukul



Jean-Paul Gaudier by William Klein



Nino Cerruti by Jacques-Henri Lartigue



Alexander Julian by Peter Beard



Ralph Lauren by Les Krims



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W i l k e s

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B a s h f o r d

See Fowler Service Card after page 89 of The Enquire Collection



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN LEWIS FOR ELLE; STYLING: MICHELLE L. JONES; HAIR: JAMES HANCOCK; MAKEUP: JANE HANCOCK

WARDROBE

Mary's clothing this spring evokes the era of elegant movie musicals. The new, brightly colored fabrics of these dresses, such as Ford Atkins and Gene Kelly, seductive pastiches to cinematic Broadway and old Hollywood. Like a scene out of an MGM feature, an elegant one of a little girl's elegant moments, her long curls on the dance floor with the most handsome man in her life, her father.

Shall We Dance? Daddy bows to his favorite girl in a deliberate Depauli silk single-breasted dinner jacket with a shawl collar (\$150). Cotton wing-collar shirt (\$50) and silk bow tie (\$15) by Pierre Cardin Fortulieuwear. At Tripler's, New York; Bullock's,

Los Angeles; Norman Marcus, Dallas. Pleated trousers in ribbed cotton (\$65) by WhiteWear. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Bullock's, Los Angeles. Patent-leather pumps (\$110). At Brooks Brothers, New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Her dress by Yves Saint Laurent.

Dancing with Daddy

by John Mather



You Say That's My Baby With Gatsby sophistication and a vaudeville kick, he performs in a tennis-style cubic-trim V-neck vest in cotton (\$14) from Sahara Club. At Giriboli's, New York; Carson's Polo Scott, Chicago; Fred Segal, Los Angeles. Classic polo (\$27.50) by Rod Lacoste. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Macy's, San Francisco. Avanti-striped linen pleated trousers (\$150) by Harry L. Erickson. At Norman Marcus, Dallas. Leather saddle shoes by Cole-Haan. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Nordstrom, Seattle; Norman Marcus, Dallas. Socks by Calvin Klein. Watch (\$50) by Jax Paris. Her dress by Yves Saint Laurent. Hat by Malone Blau.



Jiffy! He swings in a show-stopping given plaid blend double-breasted suit with padded lapels (\$275), by A.R. by Austin Reed of Regent Street. At John Wassmaker, Philadelphia; Baslin, Chicago; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Striped cotton T-shirt (\$28) by Basco sportswear. At Mario's, Portland, Oregon; Rubenstein Brothers, New Orleans; Barnays, New York. Braes (\$35) by Trishgar. At Nordstrom, Seattle; Paul Stuart, New York; Norton Dittio, Houston. Cotton socks (\$10) at Fogal, New York. Penny loafers (\$105). At Vittorio Ricci, New York; Ultras, Chicago; Daxel Eastland, San Francisco. Her suit by Ross Girl.



On Your Toe The dancer floor dandy wears a hand-tailored sport jacket in lightweight wool (\$150) by Guy Laroche. At Jiffy's, Cleveland; Goodshot Ltd., New York; Coffee's, Fresno, California. Linen shirt (\$35) by Ron Chereskin. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Gingham trousers (\$100) by Barry J. Breisen. At Paul Stuart, New York. Tie (\$18) by Vicky Davis Ltd. At Garfinkel's, Washington, D.C.; Hardin's, Miami. Belt (\$38) by Coach. Kiltie socks (\$100) by Cole-Haan. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Nordstrom, Seattle; Netman-Mareca, Dallas. Watch (\$210) at Time Will Tell, New York. Her dress by Yves Saint Laurent.



With the Greatest of Ease High-step with spirit in a dapper striped single-breasted sport jacket with notched lapels in a blend of silk, linen, and wool (\$200) by Oliver. At Daniel Eastland, San Francisco; Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio. Crisp white linen double-pleated trousers (\$50), a snappy charcoal-gray crossover vest with contrasting cream cable trim (\$75), and a short-sleeved polo-collar sweater with chest cable (\$30), all by Robert Stack. At Macy's, New York; All American Boy, Los Angeles. Vest and trousers also at Dayton's, Minneapolis. Saddle shoes (\$46) by G. H. Bass. Antique watch (\$385) at Time Will Tell, New York. Her dress by Jessica Trek Ltd.



Girding on Air The proud father sports a cotton Prince of Wales tip-front walking jacket with a knit collar, cuffs, and waistband (\$120) by Gene Pressman and Lance Karrah for Baco. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Datsun's, Atlanta; Goodie, San Francisco. Cotton French-cuff shirt (\$60) at Agnes B., New York. Double-pleated linen trousers (\$36) by Reminiscence by Stuart Richer. At Reminiscence, New York; Pennsylvania Company, Boston; The Factory, Los Angeles. White nubuck leather penny loafers with rubber soles (\$85) by Cole-Haas. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Nordstrom, Seattle; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Her dress by Valentino.

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The Essential H₂O

It can be bathed in, imbibed with Scotch, or contemplated at sunset. It's as basic as air and just as essential. But few people understand the real reported values of water

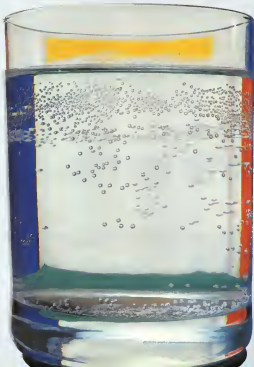
JEFFREY BERGEN and his identical twin brother, Jonathan, work hard at their hotel, which is why each one counts to the Central Park Reservoir four times a week, after dawn, with hundreds of other water worshippers. Three times a year Jeffrey undergoes what he calls an intestinal cleansing. Four times a year he fasts, up to nine days at a time, although he makes sure to drink plenty of liquids. Three times a week he does yoga with a gentle instructor in his apartment on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. He visits spas in Mexico, slips into hot tubs in California, and goes white-water rafting in Alaska. Being meditated is obvious for the past sixteen years, since the age of eleven, he sees no need to use a flotation tank, but says "I respect them." He eats a vegetarian and macrobiotic diet, takes vitamins and mineral supplements, and does a lot of stretching exercises.

Jonathan's routine is much like his brother's, but his diet is more strictly macrobiotic and he practices a different form of meditation. He also does push-ups and leg lifts, works out on a seventy-five pound punching bag, and drinks several glasses a day of distilled water from his garden. Jeffrey just drinks regular tap water—"The water in New York is fairly good"—but he is thinking of getting spring water to drink with Every other day, after half an hour of stretching, the Bergen brothers join the streets of fellow fitness addicts jogging around the Central Park Reservoir. "I used to jog at a gym, but you feel like a hamster," Jonathan says. "I like being outside with the sun and the wind and the dirt."

And the water. How fitting it is that several hundred of the people in the world

who are the most obsessed with their health choose to start each day with what looks like an ancient ritual dance at sunrise around a big pool of water. The water is that new but no more than conventional scenery, more even than an object of admiration or an appropriate symbol of health. Within twenty-four hours the water they jog around will be in all the cells of their bodies—having traveled through pipes, out of faucets, and down pipes—transporting nutrients and oxygen, getting rid of wastes, acting as an air conditioner and universal solvent, helping the other chemicals react with one another, and providing lubrication in the eye, around the joints, along the digestive tract. Water is so important to the body in fact, that it makes up most of it: an average man's body contains up to fifty quarts, or about 65 to 75 percent of his weight. "You wouldn't hear of water diets," says Dr. Myron Wenck, the director of the Institute of Human Nutrition at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. "All tissues in your body are 70 to 75 percent water; blood is almost all water; even bones are more than 30 percent water. That water is constantly turning over. If you drink a glass of radioactive water, you would see it spread all over the body, doing specific jobs, and then being eliminated within a few hours."

The extreme importance of water to individuals, to civilizations, to all life on earth is not lost on the people who make their living by selling beauty, health, and fitness to men. They also know it's pretty good for your diet. And when water does for civilization and mankind is less important is certain circles than what it does for faces and bodies with disposable income.



Lu Schorn, the owner of a salon that specializes in such skin-pruning water as "nature's remarkable beauty treatment" (Robert Hinderleider is a chapter in his best-selling *Kiss It Well* to what he calls "the drink of champions").

Nevertheless, despite the recommendations, water is sometimes ignored by the unsavvy public: it is rarely listed on the nutrition-information labels of food packages, even though it is an invariably the most abundant ingredient, and the most important one. It is port-pooled by some health-conscious kiosk, expensive new products. And although it is generally recommended that people drink plenty of water every day, some writers apparently disagree, judging by their eternal diatribe in bringing it to the table.

What they might not know is that water is the most essential nutrient, more important than the five other classes of nutrients (carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins, minerals, and fats) combined. Water is more eloquent to human survival than food. Humans beings can live a long time without food. A Scottish man named Angus Barbieri weighed 472 pounds when he started a diet that allowed for no solid foods. He later lost 362 days, after which Angus was 284 pounds lighter. In contrast, the longest anybody could live without water is several days.

An average adult uses up about three

quarts of water a day, more than that if he is bigger or more active than average, if the weather is hot or humid, and so on. It is important that those quarts be replaced, but that does not mean everybody has to drink three quarts of water a day. Any liquid can supply some of what's needed (although coffee, tea, soft drinks, and alcohol actually add to the thirst, drawing more water from the cells). More important, much of the water the body gets is from food. "Meat is about 70 percent water," says Weis. "Most everything you eat is at least 50 percent water."

There is little danger of consuming too much water, because the body will simply get rid of it; it does not need through excretion, exhalation, or perspiration to learn when you cannot see it, the body is letting you know through the pores of the skin. By far the most common problem is dehydration, the body's not having enough water. Dehydration kills quickly. And even a little dehydration can make you nervous or jittery, particularly if you are an athlete. Muscles may have lost their best friend.

Robert Hain (right), because he became dehydrated both from overeating and improper diet, which destroyed his endurance. Conversely, Hain has seen water "improve the energy, stamina, performance, and changing behavior" in such elite athletes as American player Jerry Cantrell and John McEnroe. Hain advises athletes

to drink ordinary water before, during, and after any sports activity. But dehydration is not just a problem with physically active people. "Most Americans don't drink enough water," says Dr. Harold Lohm, director of the Personal Health Food and Nutrition Program of the American Medical Association.

Most of us should have four eight-ounce glasses a day. "Doctors, especially, suffer from dehydration. At first, during diabetes the amount of water below the recommended percentage that the body needs to excrete. This is not only potentially dangerous, it is ineffective: the body will simply shut back and retain the missing water (and weight) as soon as it can. But drinking water, which has no calories, is as useful as losing weight. "Think of your stomach as a limited space," says Lohm. "If you drink water, you'll feel full. Even if you want to eat more, you'll feel uncomfortable and you'll stop, because there's no room."

ONE THING DRINKING WATER does not do is slow the aging process of the skin. This is one of the few sciences closest about water; and it is made by various skin-care entrepreneurs who now make their claims (and their products) for sale as well as waters. What is true is that one of the effects of dehydration is to wrinkle the skin: a dehydrated body will draw water from the skin tissue in order to

supply enough water for other vital body functions, such as circulation of the blood. However, wholehearted and universal praise for the effects of water on the inside of the body there is some disagreement over its effects on the outside. One of the biggest outside problems is beauty, and these days centers on the merits of soap and water versus chemicals.

"I advise my clients to cross their skin with water a few times a day," says Lu Schorn, whose clients have included Paul Newman, Dustin Hoffman, and Peter Allen. Despite her favorable attitude toward water, Schorn sides clearly with the chemists: "Soap cleans just the surface," she explains.

Paula Mandel's series with soap and water, *Nature's Skin*, for twenty years the creative director for Elizabeth Arden and now a self-employed makeup consultant, believes chemicals are unnecessary for 99 percent of all men because they have already washed their skin with their soaps, and because they don't want to wash. "The people who tell you chemicals are better have a very good business reason for telling you that: there is a bigger market for chemicals."

Dr. Nicholas Sauer, professor of dermatology at New York University School of Medicine, is a bit more delicate. "Most dermatologists believe that soap and water can cleanse natural skin the best before skin care chemicals. We first put just using chemicals, and never using soap and water, don't really get anything off." Dermatologists have seen problems from people who just use chemicals.

But even dermatologists know that water does have its drawbacks. It should not be too shocking to learn that the same substance that can cut through mountains, displace populations, and cause whole continents can also dry out your skin. "In such bathing," says water researcher Sauer, "the skin's natural protective layer of fatty substances. If you take that protective layer you can lose water even quickly... it's like to take a bath every day, but mostly people don't want to take more than one a day." (The fact is, and should be, washed away frequently, he says, because the body's many oil glands make it much harder for water to dry it out.) He also once cautions that patients with dry skin bath less often and apply a moisturizing lotion afterward; knowledge not simply because of their comfort, but because they face a barrier that helps hold the water in the skin.

If two wash water can dry out a much skin, "water comes but has in my way," says Bruce Baran, a highly paid chemist who specializes in hair-care product development at Procter & Gamble. Country is common belief, he says, it also makes no difference whether the water applied to hair is hot or cold. "You occasionally can even lock hair for about an hour

without giving it any reasonable damage," he says, "which is why it is not particularly recommended."

Water is arguably the preferred medium for shaving, because it softens the whiskers, making them easier to lift off and the whole process less damaging to the face than an electric shaver.

However, says Baran, on the head, wet hair—because it is softer than dry hair—is much more vulnerable to damage from "water stressors" such as chlorine, slow drying, or towel drying. This is much more of a problem for women than for men because the latter cut their hair more often, trimming off the damaged ends.

When it comes to hair, he has been to be protected from the water, but from the chlorine put in it. Baran recommends using a conditioner before going in because "a good conditioner reduces porosity" meaning that the conditioner will keep the chlorine out. A particularly beautiful conditioner that seems to work on wet hair, Baran says, affects people who have bleached their hair, if there is both chlorine and copper in the pool water, he says, they will emerge with green hair.

WATER WITH CONTAMINANTS, whether chemical or biological, can have the worst effects that simply a new park has color. There are about many thousands of different public water systems in the United States, ranging from one serving twenty-five people to the water system of New York City, formerly, not government of local almost all are providing water of superior quality.

But, twenty thousand to are hundred thousand people are struck by water-borne diseases every year, at intervals generally to boil-ups in some of the locally smaller water systems. There is considerable better record data in previous years, since waterborne diseases have been better diseases such as typhoid and cholera. Most diseases caused by the water are major genetic disturbances, similar to mild forms of lead poisoning.

At greater worry to many people is the possibility that the groundwater supply from toxic waste dump sites. About half the population gets its water from underground wells and springs, and the threat of toxic chemicals to the system was one of the main reasons Congress passed clean up legislation known as the Superfund Law.

Concern over the quality of their tap water may be in many ways people have been turning to bottled water. Whatever the claims of individual consumers, there is no evidence that bottled water is any more healthful than regular tap water; according to government experts and even some opponents of the bottled-water industry. Sometimes, in fact, bottled water is "purified" water taken from the faucet and purified at treated to some way

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Buited mineral water, on the other hand, can contain minerals such as calcium, potassium, and magnesium that the body needs every day. However, says Wack, "it's more reliable for the body to get minerals from food rather than water."

This is one reason why the debate over hard versus soft water is so far off from the academic arena. Much of the groundwater in hard water, which the hard-Socks dislike, is having a high concentration of calcium and magnesium. Soft water has a high concentration of sodium, and therefore has been accused of being less beneficial than hard water. It is also more corrosive, which means that it could leach metals from old pipes. However, there is one advantage to soft water that makes it very appealing: it's easier to make softies in.

THE IDEA of water being therapeutic was not invented by the same people who came up with cold burgers. It has a long tradition that many around the world still take seriously. The Japanese had natural hot tubs two thousand years ago. The Romans invented the baths of warm, bath, and rain spas and springs to treat ailments. "In ancient times, water had a very active role in health," says Dr. Kristina Luskos, a physician who provides fitness and nutrition counseling. She was born in Finland, where "the sauna is part of everyday life"—and, educated in Europe, where the medical schools, she says, emphasize the medicinal properties of water much more than they do in the United States. A nineteenth-century European movement devoted to the curative powers of water did have its followers in this country who treated water as an "absolute panacea" for rheumatism, gout, and "all derangements of the digestive organs...the malaise of an indigestion...in much to be so-called liver ailments, neuralgia, and even leprosy."

Many people still glorify water's effectiveness for rheumatism and digestive diseases. And they have added to the list everything from kidney stones to itching. Recently, physicians mentioned mineral-sprayed physicians Dr. L. Moon's belief that "water has been used successfully in the treatment of many diseases than any other remedy." An elite industry that in many countries is based on a belief in the medicinal effects of water, still thrives in Europe. There are about 350 spas in Germany alone, Luskos says, and about one hundred thousand people in France, one percent of the population, visit spas each year, drinking the water, bathing in it, getting soaked down with it, even spraying it up their nose. The spa proponents don't say they know why it works or how, and the most credible among them admit there is little scientific evidence for their claims. But they argue that aspirin's effectiveness has not been fully explained either. Some believe the

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223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408

It was almost dawn when they played the last few beats of music in that little club off Avenida Copacabana. She whispered in Portuguese that my Azzaro reminded her of Amazon rain forests.

AZZARO

I told her she didn't have to go that far.



AZZARO
YOUR HOMME

At Saks Fifth Avenue and other fine stores

Involved readers: see Reader Service Card on page 108 of The Esquire Collection
See Reader Service Card on page 108 of The Esquire Collection

water is as warm because of its heat, or its soothing movement, or a particular mineral composition. Many agree a water effect of the spa is a psychological one: the atmosphere of relaxation, the promise of healing.

There are few European-type spas in the United States, that's one way of extracting money from water that has not yet reached those shores. Doctors and physical therapists do use water here. Lunkis says, in many different generally accepted treatments: cold water to decrease temperature, prevent swelling, lessen pain from trauma, hot water to relax muscle spasms and ease sore muscles, and pools of water to restore joint muscles, clean and heal burnt flesh, and alleviate the pain from conditions such as arthritis. He notes when dependence on drugs is epidemic, Lunkis thinks the doctors would do well to consider water more often.

"In modern medicine, massages are applied or some muscles to generate heat. Water is more natural. And there are no side effects."

There is some thing refreshing about this hot water here. Although it is hardly new and improved, water still has a place in modern medicine and contemporary fitness, and even in fashion and cosmology.

It is, in fact, the one product for which all the experts and their competitors can hardly dispute an unopposed claim. A remedy of the health-and-fitness boom, they could say, more important to Arnold Schwarzenegger than his most cherished barbell, and recommended for all ailments, especially increasing. Calisthenics and aerobics, the most effective beauty aid ever developed, a refreshing beverage that helps you lose weight. An elixir drink, served in the latest art deco spas and at the most trendy disco, as well as from the hydrotherapy spa centers. Indeed, it is California's major export, and no wonder, because it makes flotation tanks, hot tubs, spas, and other new wellness-at-home-inducing therapies much more marketable.

And if what water can do for your health is not a sufficient sales pitch for the more hedonistic customers, there is also some testimony that it may help your sex life.

"Many women fantasize about ocean waves as they are sexually aroused and have orgasms," says Mark Weisbaum, the celebrated sex therapist. "I believe that water has some very basic sexual forces at it." However, Dr. Roth warns, that doesn't mean that good water always leads to good sex. "If a man says that he shouldn't have a sexual encounter—when he says he's going to die, and he's going to explode—I tell the woman to say, sexually, to him, 'Take a cold shower.' And then to say to him, 'And maybe another time, we'll take a shower—a warm one—together.'"

Jonathan Wrennall, it's staff writer for the New York Daily News Magazine.

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[illegible]

Pierre Cardin





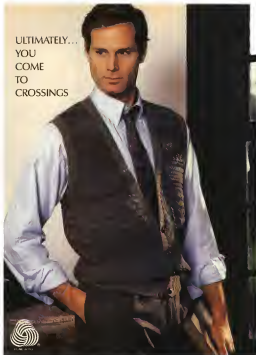
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Pierre Cardin

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Shepard Shoes
East Lansing, MI and
Ann Arbor, MI
Jonathan
Grand Rapids, MI
Village Shoes
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BOYS' SHOES
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Mesa, AZ
Fisher Bros.
Millburn, NJ
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Blanca, NY
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GROOMING by Jane Ogle

Something in the Air

Fragrance plays a very particular role in a man's life these days. Not only does it invigorate him, but it is an important way in which he defines his territory

HOW WELL DO you project to the world around you? What comes across in the office? When you're working? With women? Other men? Today, as soon as you enter a room you are in, and how you come across in those first few seconds of mingling can be crucial. So what does it say for you? Looking good, sounding good, and more than ever before, smelling good. Fragrance can project, yet in a cool and understated way.

But when projecting, keep in mind how much tell you should actually take. "Think in terms of an arm's length," says Annette Green, executive director of the Fragrance Foundation in New York. "When people step inside your circle, they experience you much more intensely. And they also experience your fragrance."

Anonymous, and even in particular, need about explains aspects of "interpersonal space" to be at ease, according to Dr. Susan Schellman, professor of psychology at Duke University Medical Center. "Feminine men tend to be uncomfortable with any odors that are not extremely pleasant, and often on a subconscious level the distance at which other people's body odor is no longer sensed."

Fragrance, Dr. Schellman says, is a very good way to go about improving this territory—"I find it makes it easier to enjoy it and out of each other's territory." Then, yes, actually, two ways in which fragrance can work for you. It can be used to define territory, or to attract another person. And as the latest research now indicates, these two uses are distinct and hold entirely separate benefits.

"To focus that whole place, you have to go back into evolution," says Henry G. Walter Jr., chairman of the board of Inter-

national Flavors and Fragrances and a leading authority in the field of smell. "Gale very drive in every species in, of course, sex. To survive, the species has to reproduce itself. And there is certainly a lot of emphasis on fragrance as a way of helping a man get ready for tonight—the 'you can't resist my immediate sexual attraction' patch. The role fragrance plays in all this is obvious."

Throughout evolution, Walter says, the biggest and strongest males of the species have adapted best to the environment and been most successful in attracting mates. Today that selective process has obviously been set aside—for social reasons. "But," Walter emphasizes, "it still operates as an unconscious tool. Men need all kinds of confidence just to get around in the world, all kinds of self-assurance with regard to their race. And that holds for whatever competitive field you are in. Fragrance is one of the most comfortable and relatively inexpensive confidence-boosters that you can experiment with."

Two Key Trends

The men's fragrance spectrum is expanding in opposite directions. At one end are the fresh, light scents for delectable, more of them with accompanying shower and shave products. Among the very lightest of these scents are Armani's Cologne (Armani Pour Homme), Clinique's Tending for Men, and two classics—Sax Sauvage and Eau Intensive. These all show a growing tendency to favor fragrances that, while still quite light, have what the experts call persistence—scents like Polo, Armani 500, Shalston 101, Guerlain's Vetiver, and Dior's about-to-



be-lashed Eau Sauvage Bottlene.

Closest to the center of this 1985 spectrum are the all-time best-sellers—Ara and Polo—along with newer entries like Kenzo, Calvin, and now Dordone Noy and Giorgio for Men. Different as these fragrances are, they all happen to belong to the same—*citrus-basilic*—group and have a note of *santal* you can feel comfortable with just about anyone.

There is an increasing number of options at the other end of this expanding scent spectrum as well. "I think men are dressing up more in the evening," says Jennifer Green. "And in the way they dress, they are picking types of cologne and toilet water that have more character, more impact to them." In total contrast to the daytime citrusy lightweights, evening fragrances are more likely to belong to the lavender group and everyone is getting the message it is Lagerfeld. And a very conspicuous new entry is J.H.L. Not only is there a trend toward fragrances that are richer and more luxurious in formulation but also toward scents that are extravagantly scented—*oriental*. Right? Not exactly. Expensive cologne at \$5,500 for six ounces.

Summing up what is in the air for 1989, Green says, "Men are looking at the role fragrances play in their life at both ends of the spectrum. Using fragrance is an outward expression—and everyone is getting the message that you have to reach out."

How to Use Fragrance— and How Not To

What do you put where? How much? How often? How would think you could just rely on your nose to answer such questions, but it's not that simple. Your sense of smell adapts quickly to any familiar odor—its evolutionary function is to be alert for unfamiliar odors. So, after you have had a fragrance on for a while, you tend to become much less aware of it because the smell receptors high in the nasal cavity—where other messages are initially processed—gradually stop registering that combination of odor molecules.

To help you use fragrance to your best advantage, here are some guidelines:

- Try wearing the day with the functional products in your choice of fragrance—soap, aftershave, and deodorant. For instance, and shaving areas such as beard, chest, face, and underarm lotion or hairs. More and more men's fragrance lines—Ara, Polo, Polo Lagerfeld, Pour Homme, VSL, Armani, and Raka Rouge, to name but a few—have these products, and they do the job as well as any of the nonconcentrated ones on the market. You can get a better daytime effect this way because the scent is light and diffuse and at the same time your hair.
- Aftershave with functional products after daytime exercise sticks, they are certainly geared to today's fitness routines. Simply

keep soap, aftershave, and deodorant in your locker or sports bag.

- When you are trying out a new cologne or toilet water, it is a good idea to use it sparingly at first, until you know how strong and how lasting that particular product happens to be. Then gauge your use accordingly so you are comfortable with the increasing projection you get.

Spray cologne can blanket your entire body as a fine mist of scent, and you get your best effects for evening if you use it while your body is still damp after showering and bedtime.

- Use fragrance only on dry skin. Do not use your fragrance on wet skin, or on skin that is raw, chapped, or irritated. If you have any open sores, cuts, or abrasions, do not use fragrance. If you have any open sores, cuts, or abrasions, do not use fragrance. If you have any open sores, cuts, or abrasions, do not use fragrance.

• Stick to one fragrance at a time—do not use different scents in different regions of your body and expect them to get along together. If you like, switch fragrances as you go from day to evening, with a shower by way of transition.

- Store fragrance in a fairly cool, dark place, and try to use a bottle soon or at least together. If you like, switch fragrances as you go from day to evening, with a shower by way of transition.

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fragrance that you put on changes somewhat as it interacts with you. You need a good friend, a model, to tell you when you can tell how a fragrance actually going to smell on you. If you go to a department store to try out fragrances, sample only two at a time—one on the inside of each wrist—and go off to do the rest of your shopping before you finish. A good friend to bear in mind, incidentally, is that your sense of smell sharpens as the day goes on. Generally it is dulled at 7:00 a.m. and most acute around 7:00 p.m.

Everything about you affects the way you smell your skin. Even when you are for breakfast, lunch, and dinner is bound to have some impact. And the same goes for vitamin pills, mineral supplements, tranquilizers, antibiotics, and other medicines. Fragrances are another key factor. Stress of any kind—be it anxiety—alters your body chemistry and as a result, the fragrance you're wearing.

Scent Spectrum

Traditionally there are four main categories of fragrance: perfume, *eau de toilette*, *cologne*, and *aftershave lotion*—perfume being the most and *aftershave lotion* the least concentrated.

Perfume is usually formulated as a mix of fragrance, but it serves as a point of reference. A perfume contains 15 to 20 percent perfume oil. The balance is pure alcohol very slightly diluted with water.

Eau de toilette, or *toilet water*, is traditionally the most widely used and the lightest usually found in men's fragrances. The concentration of perfume oil runs between 4 and 8 percent. The alcohol solution is just a little more diluted than in perfume.

Cologne has until recently also been a lighter form of fragrance than *eau de toilette*, with about 3 to 5 percent perfume oil. In Europe, where the classic *eau de cologne* still adheres to this rule, the formulation is not quite so diluted but also distinctly extra.

American colognes are, however, often much stronger, as *Victric Storm* points out. They range anywhere from 5 to 15 percent perfume oil—in other words, is just above the *eau de toilette* range and even up to *perfume level*—so there is a lot of confusion. *Sarna's* advice, try a fragrance and simply follow your own likes and dislikes. Performance is what counts.

After some time, the fourth category, the lightest form of fragrance available. The concentration of perfume oil is between 1 and 3 percent.

With the wide spectrum of these fragrance formulations and the variety of their concentrations, it's easy to misapprehend your "sweet spot" and to lose the right fragrance to meet your needs.

Just Don't is the author of *Agony, published by New American Library in January*

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Sail in it, go to tea in it, shop in it, ski in it—wind or rain won't faze our classic Squall Jacket.



The new Lands' End Squall jacket takes its name, of course, from its ability to weather the squalls that our sailing friends encounter off shore. But it's so well-colored and correct it makes you look good—man or woman alike—in the mall or at the market or at the movies or after. That's versatile plus, right?

Beyond that, you could pay up to \$96 or so in a backpack shop or sporting goods store specializing in high tech outerwear. But in our traditional pattern-breaking way, Lands' End has found ways once more to marry top quality with a palatable price. We offer all this headwinds lightweight warmth and comfort for only \$69.95. And in youth sizes, just \$54.50.

A classic, inside and out.
The outer shell of this waist-length jacket is a tough tri-blend of cotton, rayon and polyester—the blend we've found most certainly good against both wind and rain. The inner material is a soft, lightweight flannel—brushed on

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And note this: the full-length inside storm flap of our jacket is tacked down the smooth-running zipper . . . to keep the wind from whistling between the teeth of the zipper as it can on ordinary jackets. The squall has fully-lined sleeves, mottled hand-warmer cargo pockets, and a high collar that protects neck and chin, and in a pinch it can cover your ears, too. All this, and it's machine washable.

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The Lands' End Squall jacket is here now, just in time for Spring and Summer. But it's a jacket you'll turn to time and again for Fall and Winter. Its style flatters both men and women. And the color choice is inspired. Consider: mauve (women only), ocean blue, jade, red, and red—all with Navy trim. Like everything we make and market it's GUARANTEED, PERIOD.

A voluntary tip, order one for your young son or daughter and see how quickly it becomes for them the "it" thing to wear. Leave it to kids to know what's good.

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WARDROBE The Gentlemen of Rock

Photofest.com introduces these men of flair and fines. They represent a singular mix of musical mastery, stylish performance, and business savvy that marks the true gentlemen.



BRYAN FERRY

Stylish/descriptive has long been the trademark of Bryan Ferry, songwriter, musician, and actor who fronted one of the most distinctive art-rock groups of the '70s, Roxy Music. Stylish meaning and knowing lyrics are Ferry's trademarks in unforgettable melody. Sober singer in dinner jacket and tuxedo black, he has taught a new generation of listeners the meaning of the word man.

Ferry brings a rich charm to a soul single layered, straight cut, well-tailored look (1925) by Neve, a devotee of business. Available to Kip's, Lowman, Manhattan, Century Left Chicago, to H. Bark & Sons, Los Angeles. Previous looks shot with French cobb (1904) by Agnès B., New York. Limited edition silk suspenders with voluminous, ornate, delicate lace (1904) by Trilobes, du Pont Street, New York. Previous: Shermans, 50th and 6th Ave. with mother-of-pearl and diamond (1925) by Berluti, 100 E. 42nd St. New York.

PHOTOGRAPHY: LARRY LAMBERTSON. HAIR: MICHAEL MANN. MAKEUP: JANE ROBERTSON. STYLING: JANE ROBERTSON. GROOMING: JANE ROBERTSON. GROOMING: JANE ROBERTSON.



Michael Cressley, who has been described as the Baby Boomer of the 80s, is a devotee of business. Available to Kip's, Lowman, Manhattan, Century Left Chicago, to H. Bark & Sons, Los Angeles. Previous looks shot with French cobb (1904) by Agnès B., New York. Limited edition silk suspenders with voluminous, ornate, delicate lace (1904) by Trilobes, du Pont Street, New York. Previous: Shermans, 50th and 6th Ave. with mother-of-pearl and diamond (1925) by Berluti, 100 E. 42nd St. New York.

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MARSHALL CRESSLEY



ADAM ANT

Stunning-looking Adam Ant swung into prominence three years ago, outdusted head to toe in business suits, belting a different tune. Ant created a new sound by combining the rhythms of African tribal music and a liberal dose of English wit to arrive at the world's newest art music. Having recently traded in his unique sound for a more rock, Ant now thrives to attract and excite his audience.

Caught in capturing stars, Adam Ant—the champion of rock—minors his striking style wearing a softly constructed cotton and linen suit with sculpted lapels and tapered, pleated trousers (\$330) by Tommef (Tommie) Design. Available in Raney, New York, Louis, Boston, Austin, San Francisco. Pure cotton tropical collar dress shirt with a subtle stripe (\$175) by Edward Mills. All Laid & Taylor. New York and Chicago. 2 W. Johnson, Los Angeles. Classic leather belt with brass buckle (\$28) by Louis. At Louis. Louis, New York, Boston, and Washington, D.C.



BILLY OCEAN

Billy Ocean's success as seductive sound comes directly from American shores. His all-lyrics collected dance hits, "Caribbean Queen" and "Leisure" from Southside, introduced Ocean to a larger American audience after he racked up several hits in England. No overnight sensation, Ocean once supported his musical ventures at night by peddling women's clothes during the day.

The image of sensual seduction. Ocean looks cool in a wool and silk blend, full-width single-breasted sport jacket (\$600) by Rocky Proulx, At Royal Park, Fresno, California. Club linen sport, All Springs. Alexander. Men's Chicago. Wool blend trousers (\$200) also by Rocky Proulx. At Taylor's. New York, Hastings, San Francisco, Silverwood, Los Angeles. When ocean flows over (\$250) by Kenneth Gordon, New Orleans. At Silverwood, Houston. Copper & Copper, Chicago. Red rose-rose patterned silk under (\$330) by Kenneth Gordon. Silverwood.

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"Does a gray suit have to be
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The Wright Approach



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Autry's exclusive sole design is patterned after a radial tire. It provides a wide track for side-to-side sidestepping and superior forward traction. It's natural rubber.



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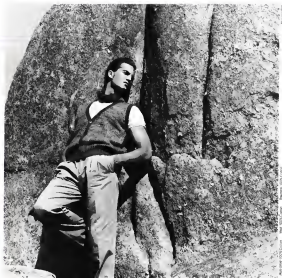
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From left, the July company is captured in a dynamic action shot (left), Zerber jumps (left), and a woman in a blue jumpsuit (left). The design duo maintained its dual rather than single authorship (left) and played around with the idea of a single author (left). The July company is captured in a dynamic action shot (left), Zerber jumps (left), and a woman in a blue jumpsuit (left). The design duo maintained its dual rather than single authorship (left) and played around with the idea of a single author (left). The July company is captured in a dynamic action shot (left), Zerber jumps (left), and a woman in a blue jumpsuit (left). The design duo maintained its dual rather than single authorship (left) and played around with the idea of a single author (left).

WARDROBE

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Designers' Showcase

by Hal Goldberg and Timothy Hawkins

When Marutte and François Giraud began designing and creating "Le May" in Paris 10 years ago, their fashion legacy was John Wayne, James Dean, and Marlon Brando. Today they have themselves become the fashion heroes of young people the world over with their brand of "casual luxury-inspired" looks. They believe there is to be the preeminent wardrobe resource in America today. Their designs—primarily highly textured clothes with roots in cowboy, military, outdoorsie or work clothes—are the product of their interest in developing the technology of fabric design. Recently, for example, they developed a new combination of denim and viscose, called super-denim, which has a softness and pliability not unlike that of silk. The designers are credited with popularizing pre-washed jeans, distressed hammers, and

light "French" jeans, cowboy floppy jeans, and the denim-washed look, among other innovations. They opened their first shop in 1981 in Paris, called Indes (pronounced "Ah") Capote, at the trendy Les Halles section of the city, and before they have quite taken initial notice in Europe, Japan, and America, and they recently opened their first U.S. store in Manhattan, New York City. They now have eleven apparel companies making men's, women's, and children's "denim-based" clothing and footwear, and estimate that their labels generated \$10 million in 1996. The designers say they recently discovered a whole new world of meaning in "Le May" jeans. "We were working on the denim and saw that the same practical, functional clothes were being worn in a very clearly different way. Now we have a new country to inspire us. It's called America."



From left, like a model in a white tank top, she's wearing a light-colored, knotted crop top and patterned skirt (left). Next to her, a man in a dark tank top with a logo and dark shorts stands with his hands on his hips. In the foreground, a man in a light-colored suit and tie lies on his side. On the right, two men and a woman are posed together; one man wears a patterned shirt and blue trousers, another wears a dark jacket over a blue shirt and white trousers, and a woman in a light-colored blouse and dark skirt poses with her hands behind her head.

center (left), a model in a white tank top, she's wearing a light-colored, knotted crop top and patterned skirt (left). Next to her, a man in a dark tank top with a logo and dark shorts stands with his hands on his hips. In the foreground, a man in a light-colored suit and tie lies on his side. On the right, two men and a woman are posed together; one man wears a patterned shirt and blue trousers, another wears a dark jacket over a blue shirt and white trousers, and a woman in a light-colored blouse and dark skirt poses with her hands behind her head.

Owning a Giorgio Armani-Caprioli mall has held the same status for a fashion designer as owning a Ferrari does for a car buff. Though it is hardly the Ferrari of the fashion world, the Emporio Armani store in New York City is a place where the designer's most popular and profitable line of clothing is sold. The store is a place where the designer's most popular and profitable line of clothing is sold. The store is a place where the designer's most popular and profitable line of clothing is sold.

When it comes to people, especially the young, who have less money to spend, it's more about the style. The Emporio Armani store in New York City is a place where the designer's most popular and profitable line of clothing is sold. The store is a place where the designer's most popular and profitable line of clothing is sold.

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What's My Line?

This is the golden age of celebrity couture. There's a fortune waiting for stars who are willing to lend their names to the fashion world

THEIR NAME SHIRTS, jackets, perian, and blazers—all bedecked with plaques, military detail, royal brooch buttons, and a crest bearing the initials "MJ." And on these headstrong sketches there's a childlike scribble that shouts, "I'm MJ," makes the designer feel important and very lavish. The hand-drawn is Michael Jackson's, whose signature clothing line is expected to hit the racks this fall. "In the first eight weeks alone," declares Rob Nicholson, the director of marketing for Sirelson Management, "we'd certainly be looking at worldwide sales of \$50 million."

It's a move that's long overdue. There's a celebrity couture boom exploding in the Eighties—the direct result of mass media saturation and the same marketing savvy that pushed licensed designer apparel into the marketplace once—and Michael Jackson's much-branded off-national fashion regimens a potential gold mine.

Mr. Thriller won't be the first or last to extract the self from celebrity, of course. Star endorsements run rampant among the few starlike personalities left from the dawn of advertising, and licensing business did it all the way back to the Thirties, when a cute little ringer named Shirley Temple was responsible for the sale of six million dolls cast in her image. The big baby boom success stories that followed were, quite appropriately, not small. Honey Boozy, the Rogers, Gary Crockett, and even stars bearing a label that read JOHN GALLI. But as the youngsters grew into their own fashions to blue jean consumers, the focus of the famous-name-label phenomenon shifted to another, more stable market.

Enter Arnold Palmer, a solid, clean-cut sportsman, who teamed with Robert Bruce, a leading sweater manufacturer, near-

ly twenty-five years ago and has since captured an audience for virtually every category of men's wear. "There's a close underwear," Palmer chuckles. "Jim Palmer's already doing that, so that's enough." Fellow greensman Jack Nicklaus followed suit with his own line for Hart Schaffner & Marx in 1965, and Johnny Carson—who, by the way, has 100-percent name recognition!—entered with parent company Electra in 1969.

While the guys were taking it with all-American apartments and unpretentious good looks, glamorous females like Eva Gabor and Polly Bergen threw themselves into off-the-beat business ventures of their own. Some fifteen years ago Gabor began a wig company that boasts annual sales of more than one million units; she remains chairman of the board, even though the company was bought by Benefield Finance years ago. "I consider myself quite the bright business lady nowadays," says the actress, who was lousy by playing characters who were quite otherwise.

For Polly Bergen, who markets alone jewelry, it started with mail-order cosmetics. "I had a girlfriend and we each put in about \$5,000 back in 1960. When we took the company into retail in 1967, I capitalized it, and in 1973 I sold it to Fibergel. It was worth about six million," she laughs loudly. "Not too terrible."

Today, of course, an actor, athlete, or model can do a whole lot better with considerably less effort. Famous-name licensing now opens the widest possible variety of clothing and accessories categories and subcategories, and it's very big business indeed. Sears, the nation's leading retailer, has been actively marketing exclusive collections from Arnold Palmer, supermodel

PHOTOGRAPHY: JEFFREY M. SCHLES



LINEN LIVES BEST

MOYGASHEL
—1985—

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Cheryl Tiegs, and former tennis star Evonne Coolidge since 1981.

For Arnold Palmer, who has twenty-five lifetime licenses for products ranging from bathrobe accessories to statuettes, the Sears license line is really a license to print money. "Arnold Palmer's success from Sears is well into seven figures," says Ted Schenberg of the International Management Group, which handles Goldstone, Reta Berg, Martin Novotny, and Palmer. "He has really transcended being a golfer and has become, in a sense, a brand name." Sears will be in the area of \$100 million next year in retail on Palmer, IMG also negotiates agreements for Cheryl's cigarettes, the Wimbledon tournaments, and Fred F. Meyer's Racquet. "We haven't done a personal endorsement of his on our own account yet," Schenberg laughs. "But I wouldn't rule that out."

Nothing, it appears, should be ruled out. Although Davis Ross isn't exactly famous for her pincheese, that didn't stop Nan Tucker-Bassett Mills from issuing a line with her signature printed in gold, placed so that it appears on the wearer's tush. Sophia Loren, whose name prices Zylow's eyeglasses and a Coty fragrance launched in 1986, confesses, "I don't know how much time and effort, how much short research goes into the creation of a perfume." Still, some matches seem made in heaven. Advantage by Richard Simmons is a "big girl" line that is sold in 3,400 outlets and should see sales of eight to ten million in its first year. Jerry Rogers is another hit name to come to four-figure numbers for a line of boots, belts, jeans, shirts, and tailored clothing; the line boasts a whopping ten million plus in wholesale shipments exclusively to women stores. And even before lady slippers—the even-lady slippers were approached by three different companies, he had casual prototypes for his own "littleware" worn. "I've been working out in gym for nine years," Simcik explains, "but I never needed something other than sweat pants, because the string always got raised and they always came up to my knees after twenty-one washings. So I created a pair and short that you could also wear to brunch on Sundays and not feel like you have gym clothes on."

Rex Maunz earned the perfect celebrity for a line of accessories targeted for the Hispanic market. "I was asked if I wanted my name on it," she says, blushing, "but I didn't think so. There's something about the word *Rita* that I don't find absolutely exciting." But she would be excited about being offered a line of Rita Maunz clothing. "We're done right," she says. "Dressing up is part of my business. It's not as though I were being asked to try my hand at brain surgery."

For clothing designers, however, that's not a statement without irony. Mitchell Grass, who designs the sportswear line

for the Christie Bradley domain of Russ Taps, has it reality-wise. Bradley was working in an elevator before she was discovered as a model and contributed "a great deal" to the new line. "Licensing is a growing trend," Grass says. "But I can't say it's one that delights me as a person who creates the product. But we live in a society where name recognition is a primary factor, especially at retail."

The contractors who create lines for actors and athletes generally grin and bear their anonymity, even though most consent an owner that the licensees' products may be minimal, but at least some of the new breed of star labels—those of famous models—import celebrity status and credibility. "Part of the reason I think I've prospered," explains Cheryl Tiegs, "is that I've spent twenty years trying on all kinds of clothes. So I know what fits and what looks good."

This fall, male model Michael Vee debuts a signature line designed by Robert Calerman. "I am not a designer," Vee swears. "But what I represent is not only a name on the clothes but the image that goes with it. People have shoes and look like an Ivy League boy. Well, I am I don't dress up a lot. There are a lot of people who want to be comfortable and dress nicely. Nobody wants to put on their clothes anymore, do they? Names are big."

And what's in a name? "We don't have any pretension that Bruce Jenner merchandise should be fabulous," says Kenny Cohen, president of Sports in Motion, which markets items that \$10 million worth of Jenner achieved. "We make basic, regular merchandise because Bruce is a basic, regular guy. Getting his supporters hasn't been difficult because we've been consistent, we haven't sold a million products a day. George has a 'Mile a minute, pinwheel and modeling seems to be the most strenuous constraints a licensee fulfills, some celebrities—the film star Allen Biers, who formed his own company to create fragrances that sold over a million dollars in their first few months in the U.S.—must upon greater control and consequently a greater workload."

Richard Simmons is one of them. "There isn't on using my name and sending me to stores to wave like Queen Elizabeth. I sit down with the buyers in the showrooms, and let him tell 175 fashion shows from Seattle to Miami." Workaholic may be an important element in success, but most manufacturers claim it. "The key is to find the name to fit the product." That's why Steve Seibert of Sanitack Infinites signed a contract with \$250,000 in guarantees and expected royalties of \$1 million, plus 10% for a line of Joe's underwear. "Fashion underwear is for the active guy, the guy who looks younger and is a bit of a renegade, and Joe's image is really suited to that."

But there can be big problems if either the star or the licensee lacks the proper marketing know-how. Jane Fonda's Workout program—the book, video, and recording—was runaway success, but her line of linens and cosmetics went the way of all flesh when department stores were urged to place large opening orders and in spite of her department for the products. Industry sources claim Fonda's assistance that the line be promoted in editorial U.S. shops drove the retail price sky-high, and the subsequently slashed retail sites certainly contributed to the Chapter 11 filing of Capri Beachwear, which manufactured the line.

"We did the opposite of Jane Fonda," Ellen Trivette says, referring to her brother John's collaboration with women's activewear designer Genshale. "We started very low-key and did okay, and the second season we started doing better and the amount of work started to pile up. We had to look for a new factory and Genshale's business started to suffer." After two seasons, close to a million dollars in sales, and no less money lost, the partnership was dissolved. Ms. Trivette, now a former V.P. of the line, says, "It's a mean business. Anybody who thinks show business is there should spend a little time in the garment business." More and more show-biz personalities will be doing just that if the latest trend in

licensing catches fire. But you'll find them licensing under assumed names—from TV and film characters—in a host of in-between products ranging from Fisher-Price clothing to Zipper-John M.D., doctors and nurses' uniforms. Even midwife cartoon characters are being strapped to garments under license. J.G. Hook is offering upsize Mickey Mouse sportswear and projects first-year sales of \$7 million. Betty Boop stars in a lingerie line that expects to ship \$1 million in wholesale this year.

But nothing can compare to the mast surrounding the name that has landed and will continue to dominate licensing, including a Charles of the Ritz fragrance, \$300,000 Dynasty line, and a tuxedo line by Allen Sin. Prudenz market research indicated a massive 75 percent resurgence factor among women for Dynasty characters, but whether that translates into hit, Christmas's impulse-buying blockbuster as a long-term brand identity is anybody's guess. TV shows have their own history of built-in merchandise (remember the Fonz, anyone?) and fictional characters rarely inspire repeat business and consumer confidence. "I think you can really only sell a product once with someone's name on it," Polly Bezdek concludes. "A name doesn't mean anything unless the product stands for something."

Allen Biers, actor in the film *100 Miles*, is a licensed contributor to The Enquire Collection.

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CLOTHIER'S NOTEBOOK

For Tom Sawyer the pocket was a treasure chest of prized possessions hidden away from the prying eyes of adults. "His hand wandered into his pocket and his face lit up with a glow of gratitude that was prayer, though he did not know it," Twain wrote. That time he drew out a percussion-cap box with a tick, other times it was a piece of bark or a wilted pansy from Becky Thatcher. On one special occasion he pulled out "his choicest jewel" for Becky herself, "a brass knob from the top of an anchor."

by Paula DeVito

The Pocket

THE SMALL

ling was an antique clock," says Dr. Johnson's simple definition of a pocket watch. *Dictionary of the English Language*, published in 1773, and characteristically "compiled from the best sources." The first example was from Shakespeare's *Othello*: "Here is a Jewess Found in the jacket of the slain Moor." Dr. Johnson has provided select apt quotations from the early seventeenth century, such as after several products had become a fashion. One interesting attribute the dictionary of the product is the portable watchmaker's art. Nine years after the invention of the watchmaking. The importance was its availability in wearing here as a much less time from about

SHAKESPEARE'S

plants are also filled with the predecessors of products the designers say leaders just see. They were former being treated here and also a very striking scene. Parts of the 19th-century were featured with fairly simple, some things, some like modern facilities. And in the pocket itself evolved into a horizontal rubber chain vertical chain, the end of the twentieth century, although it's decorated like a vintage. But it's the big, almost of the pocket was even made in an eighteenth-century museum, the first part of the way was still not and combined with flowers, it's a silver chain, and the end of the first, and

Inside the same material was applied to its position and ends inserted in place with the rest. The flap themselves became a part of the history, that it was not unusual — particularly in the nineteenth century, when the military uniform was considered as fashion — the use of military weapons — for gaiters to hold flaps to be used for decoration only, a common problem. These days the jacket flaps pockets often serve as a means of opportunity for a hole.

Extrapolate — rather like the American band of a shirt



handwritten) as the three money piles (as I remember my father rapidly working in Chaldean script on leather-covered tablets as a young Babylonian that change rules from day to day. But the word it represents flows through a closed hand.

ASPICKETS

Some provides a more detailed explanation of product locations on the Landing crew site and undergarments. "First, we cannot see things as easily as we can."

whereby she can then don it, and that needs additional money too," he says. The great exception the males and presumably the women pay in such a way that bulls are distributed evenly and a share bulls to its sons with as many as mother-parkers, but usually the father and right male, though few are smaller than the many. Hamrick's share goes from five because the parent may eat and they are temporary males in one sex—though, Hamrick allows, they are necessary on clothing coats to help the cow out. But now

COVERING UP

INSIDE THE

ough bottom pocket is a neckpiece, about six inches wide and twelve inches deep, that also serves as a compartment. Inside the left lining is another pocket that is sometimes enlarged to hold a pack of cigarettes. The two-piece pockets on the lining of the left and right chestheads have a crease just a few inches up, as compared to the pockets, which feature deep, unbroken folds. The creases of these chests further identified the glasses, coats, and even the man.

THE INSIDE

problem is, no bottom due to, pockets were first visible once dead phanerogams and algaes, and they are still loaded with multipennal lakes in detrital sediments. In a town not now, one of the left stream assembly has sweeping grasses in a stream's tributaries. Through



1

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ALTHOUGH there is no overall prediction as to whether the results show that people are more likely to be influenced by a friend who is a doctor, when faced with the choice of whether to undergo hip surgery, our research suggests that people who are not doctors are more likely to be influenced by a friend who is a doctor.

AFTER LEAD Management's handling of the crisis was a case of "if it ain't broke, don't fix it," says one of those negative-but-learnable voices. "When I first thought the windows [at the World Trade Center] were going to change, the director was not at all concerned," says a senior executive who has personally dealt with crisis. "It's a good thing."

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THE BREAST

don't predict it alone. But when we bring in the

THE POCK
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The Esquire Review

MARCH 1985



ILLUSTRATION: ALL SCHOENBERG

Wonder Boy

Andy Borowitz, L.A.'s littlest mogul

by David Handelman

ANDY BOROWITZ WANTED TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD AND AS PRESIDENT OF THE MAYNARD LAMPOON HE KNEW HOW TO GET THERE: THE MAGAZINE GETS CREATORS AN AWARD TO LIVE A CELEBRITY TO CAMBRIDGE, BUT DURING BOROWITZ'S REIGN THE LAMPOON DECIDED TO HONOR SOMEONE WITH

POWER: "A CREATOR," AS FELLOW PRIME LISA BENSON puts it, "not a Henry Winkler type." Borowitz created the Golden Jester Award and threw a banquet to present it. The first and only Golden Jester went to Bud Yorkin.

In his introductory speech Borowitz admitted from Yorkin's biography, saying that he had encouraged Yorkin to get into TV and had had a hand in each of his projects. When Yorkin stood to accept the award, he

played along. "After all these years, Andy, you still look terrific!" And when he sat down again, he turned to Borowitz and offered him a job.

Borowitz, who with Norman Lear had launched many of the Seventies' most popular sitcoms, gave Yorkin a \$25,000 salary, office space, and access to women's meetings. In exchange Borowitz agreed to do rewrite work and give Yorkin first refusal on his first screenplay.

"Andy was pretty sure what he wanted," Yorkin says. "But I made a real far leap."

Andy Borowitz left Cambridge at twenty-two, already a step ahead of the thousands of kids who descend on L.A. every

year to compete for a chance to begin climbing the ladder. His first apartment was a cramped \$400-a-month studio in Beverly Hills. He bought a used bike for twenty-five dollars, often riding it to Yorkin's office. "I was very lonely," he says. "My girlfriend was back at Harvard. I wasn't interested in a social life. I'd go to the movies, watch a lot of old movies on TV."

But that seems like ages ago. Today Andy is taking around in his Production City golf cart on the set of *Dinotopia*, the half million-dollar-per-hour show that CBS brought to him to create and executive-produce. Tonight he will moonlight on his four commissioned screenplays and two other

MOVIES
MUSIC
MEDIA
BOOKS
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"Our business is a people business: you get on the phone and call people. A hundred appointments, plenty of optimism, and then hopefully the deals," says William Whitford, senior vice president, Henry Ainsbacher Inc., specialists in mergers and acquisitions for the publishing and communications industry.

Eight closings in ten months proves Will is really cooking. And he doesn't stop when he gets home. Weekends, he relaxes with his family by staring things up in the kitchen.

Prior to his career in finance, Will edited *Foreign Policy* and was on the business side of *Rolling Stone*. An unexpected opportunity in mergers and acquisitions at a major bank tapped his publishing know-how and revealed a talent for negotiating he didn't know he had.

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Inside Moves

THE BUSINESS OF SHOW BUSINESS

HIS BRILLIANT CAREER

EARLY LAST FALL, wand round through the publishing world that Morton Entenloh had left. Simon & Schuster to start his own imprint. What? What? you might well ask, but a better question would be *How?* How does a twenty-five-year-old editor with no major track record leave one of the best-run houses in town to go out on his own? It's a venture that forty- and forty-five-year-olds of considerable reputation shudder at, but rarely dare or accomplish. By that time, though, few people are surprised by anything Entenloh does.

He started out lucky: Fresh from the Radcliffe Publishing Procedures Course seven years ago, he snagged a junior editor's job with Seymour Lawrence, the quiet legend behind the successes of Kurt Vonnegut and Joyce Kilmer Phillips, among others. Entenloh did well, acquired a few books of his own, and started *Alex*, a short-lived but popular underground magazine. Vonnegut took him up and suggested him to his boss, and soon Entenloh was a familiar figure at New York's literary hot spots. He was not the only young publishing wonk, but by most accounts he was the best: nobody made more talk or big-name buzz.

Three years ago he left Lawrence with an apparent mandate to bring Murray Friedman to Simon & Schuster's strictly commercial list. His new salary, rumored at \$65,000, guaranteed early in and outside S & S. Since then, he's acquired some twenty books for the publishing, most notably Jan Dodge's cult novel, *Apb*. Although Entenloh indicates the book earned back its \$300,000 advance and its heavy promotion brought through paperback, movie, and foreign sales, other sources report that these sales were almost negligible for S & S and that *Apb* was a flop.

"I don't know if the books I've published merit the reputation I have," Entenloh says. Another editor goes further: "He's a man with great PR, glamour, and luck, but I don't know that he's done anything

special." Nonetheless, for his age, his accomplishments were considerable, the trouble was, he had elevated the standard by which he would be judged.

So it looked like Entenloh might have been living some "win." There came October and word that he was leaving S & S.



Morton Entenloh

Entenloh says: "I wanted to be my own boss and begin building some equity, and now seemed like a good time to start. I began raising money for a venture and left S & S without a deal. Enough I think I could have gotten one before I left." Others say that when Entenloh told S & S trade president Dan Green his plans, Green balked at an offer of a deal. Then Green left for the *Franklin Book Fair*. What happened there isn't clear: one story has it that Green told chairman Dick Seiger about Entenloh's plans and that Seiger left the room and ordered Entenloh out. Green denies that vehemently, saying Entenloh's departure was "totally and completely voluntary" and didn't involve Seiger at all. In any case, S & S editor-in-chief Michael Kornit does recall Entenloh's books to other editors while Snyder and Green were still in Germany and several weeks before Entenloh left.

But publishing is so much about hot reputations and good relationships as anything else, and now, partly as a consequence of his boldness, Entenloh has plenty of both. He also appears to have access to what one writer calls "deep money" and is offering a number of major houses the opportunity to produce and distribute the books he will buy and edit. Unlike the usual urgent deal, in which a house pays an editor a salary and puts his name on the title page of the books he brings in, Entenloh's incentive attracts by eliminating the salary and advance involved for the house. Entenloh has named William Morrow, E.P. Dutton, and his former employer, S & S, as among possible partners. And at press time, it looked like he might even pull it off.

THE KENNEDYS

NAMER A WRITER of serious fiction who's been well served by Hollywood.

While you're thinking, consider that it doesn't happen too often. Of course,



William Kennedy

Hollywood's never been too slow on literary genre's either, so the surprise is that William Kennedy—the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Ironweed*—is among those of his four novels being developed as movies. But Kennedy, whom Francis Coppola called to collaborate with him on a rewrite of Marco Pann's script for the troubled production *The Cotton Club*, is also a pretty quick study. In order to obtain some control, he is writing all the scripts himself. The projects are:

- *Lepi*—A fictionalized biography of famed gangster Jack "Lepi" DiStasio. It was optioned by actor-turned-producer Gene Roskoff (Gypsy King). Director Stuart Rosenberg (*Cool Hand Luke*) was on the project but is now off. Bernardo Bertolucci (*Last Tango in Paris*) was expressed interest. Hal Ashby and Coppola have been rumored too, but at press time the choice of director was still up in the air.

- *Merley Resnik* is slated to play the lead.
- *Jelly Rollin's Greatest Game*—Sammy recently completed the script about a young gambler who gets mixed up in a political backdrop. Atlantic Records founder/producer Jerry Wiesler and production designer Richard Sybert (*The Cotton Club*) will coproduce.

- *Downed*—Also optioned by Roskoff. Kennedy plans to complete his script this year. Who will act the pilot role of Francis Phelan, the novella-turned-tragic hero? "Sam Shepperd has expressed interest," says Kennedy, "but obviously he's a viable candidate." Of these movies, "the drive up to Albany in his pickup truck, we spent the day taking, had dinner, and that night he got back in the pickup truck and drove off to Wisconsin or somewhere."

In this way for a talented writer to be spending all his time? Apparently not. "I'm going to finish the *Ironweed* script and then it's back to the novels," Kennedy says. "I've been offered five or six other projects, but I'm not going to do them. I'd only go through all this for my own books."



William Kennedy

DISC JOCKEYING

BACK SPRING-FIELDS A lucky actor not everyone's first laundry sales the *Top Gun* charts. Back in 1970, before he launched his career as a bubble gum superstar, Springfield began recording an album for a small management company named Gamma Productions. He laid a few vocal tracks, but that was as far as things got. Then just about the time his *Hard to Hold* sound track was dropping off the charts, PolyGram Records released what is called a "Back Springfield album."

Back Springfield—consisting entirely of the material acquired from Gamma Productions. Springfield understandably wasn't thrilled with the new LP. *Back Springfield* would live vocal tracks, but as for the backup band not the arrangement was his. The singer quickly took out a trade ad

disavowing himself from the album. Meanwhile, Gamma's coproducer, Joe Gottfried, claims his own LP couldn't wait for new client's cause. Not only will it generate extra royalties, Gottfried says, but it should open demand for his forthcoming RCA album. The way we see it, the manager may be right. After all, it isn't the music people want. Springfield has clearly gone a record by its cover.

"Of course, going record where credit is due is always a tricky move. This case of the mistake of 1984. All that trouble getting made last inside MCA, October 1984 and getting us on it didn't much taste of the American public until 1985 wasn't enough. Now the latest rumor note concerns the music. The Eurythmics were hired to write a score after David Byrne had rejected Virgin film club Richard Gere's role. The Eurythmics did a modish second choice. So what was the problem? Just that no one told them that the film already had a score—classical style music by Dominic Muldowney—that director Michael Radford wanted to keep it.



Michael Radford

"We were devastated," says the film's U.S. manager, Gary Kierlin. "Steve and Anne [Shaw and Lennox, the group's leader] had worked on a very tight schedule to finish the movie, and all of a sudden we hear it can't be used."

Though Lennox tried to reassure the Eurythmics, it seemed that Radford couldn't bring himself to roll with the rock. The compromise—among two Eurythmics songs over the credits—appealed the director but didn't thrill the group. They wanted their music reserved from the film.

Meanwhile, Virgin was rolling U.S. distribution of the sordid film tough gang, and Branson started shopping around versions with varying amounts of the Eurythmics' debut score. He discovered what he had supported all along: the music. Eurythmics, the box office. Three weeks into the film's London premiere, a new print was ordered with about 80

percent of the group's sound track. Radford was livid. "The movie was in serious," he told us. "I'm sure, I'm sure," he said. "I'm sure I made it." But the Eurythmics had a more pressing problem: how to label a sound track album that wasn't really a sound-track album. BUCKLE UP! was the answer with this classic newswatch solution, describing the LP as "...dedicated from the Eurythmics' original score of the motion picture *1984*."

RAISING CATHOLIC BOYS

HOLLYWOOD WAS KIND to independent producer Don Wignatow after his first flop, *Last Tango in Paris*. But when his second film, *Paradise of the 10's*, flopped, properly said, the producer's prospects didn't look too good. So in 1979 he left Hollywood and topped up to New York to start building a movie life on his own.

Desperate for material, Wignatow contacted the head of NYU Film School to ask about promising new talent. What he got was a thirty-five-year-old name: Charles Purpura, who, for lack of money, had just dropped out of the school's dramatic-writing program. Wignatow saw the germ of an idea in Purpura's first and only completed screenplay, a hell-bell coming-of-age in 1965 Brooklyn tale called *Catholic Boys*.

Four years later they had finished a version they liked, but the producer's deal was a little underwhelming. MGM said it wouldn't bid a Catholic film, Universal said no. Finally Fox showed some interest, but when it refused to commit to Wignatow's chosen for director, twenty-one-year-old neophyte Michael Dinner, the producer passed. He filed *Dinner*, and besides, commercial studio development deals could land him a turnaround for life.

Meanwhile, a funny thing happened to Dinner on his way to the Cannes film festival. Stealing into the first-class cabin from coach, he made the acquaintance of one Maurice Spector, production head of Silver Screen, Eikon's new theatrical production arm. Dinner's agent sent Spector *Catholic Boys* on an air trip back to the States. Spector was hooked in it up. Purpura, who by now had gone bankrupt and fled to India, came back for a final script and casting battle, with newsmen Kevin Dineen (Minn's younger brother) tapped for a leading role. Soon the cameras were rolling, and it looked like Wignatow had beat the system.

Well, actually. When the distributor, TriStar Pictures, took over, it changed the title *Catholic Boys* to *Heaven Help Us*. "It's a crime," Dinner says. "The title doesn't reflect the movie, but I guess there's only so much you can fight for." Reported by David Haskins, Jeffrey Pirsch, Steven Rosenblatt, and David Wild

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San Jose State @ Seattle
3/28 Seattle @ Seattle

3/30 Maryland @ Virginia
San Jose State @ Richmond
3/31 Missouri @ Miami State
3/31 ACC Tournament—Quarterfinals
3/31 ACC Tournament—Semifinals
3/31 ACC Tournament—Championship
3/31-3/14 NCAA Championship
3/31-3/31 NCAA Championship
3/31-3/31 NCAA Championship
3/31-3/31 NCAA Championship
3/31-3/31 NCAA Championship

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The Syndrome-Book Syndrome BOOKS

Finding the legend that becomes you most

by Charlie Haas

PERHAPS YOU, LIKE MANY OTHER PEOPLE I HAVE ENCOUNTERED IN MY PRACTICE AS A BOOK REVIEWER, STILL PERSIST IN THE BELIEF THAT DR SIGMUND FREUD IS THE FATHER OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY. THIS IS A MISTAKEN BELIEF BUT YOU SHOULD NOT FEEL THAT HAVING THIS MISTAKEN BELIEF IS "WRONG" OR "BAD." INSTEAD, FEEL GOOD ABOUT THIS NEW belief you are going to have. I would like you to try this exercise: put this magazine in front of you, as if you were reading it, and say, "I no longer believe that Sigmund Freud is the father of much of anything, and I realize that the father of modern psychology is Robert Luthers. The es- sential knowledge."

Why is this realization true? It is true because Robert Luthers, some years ago, made an important discovery: he realized that a book's chances of becoming a top-notch best seller with its old covers and stand-alone display dumps are greatly increased when the book's title is constructed in specific fashion, for example, *The Achilles Syndrome* or *The Standalone Complex*. You may have read some of Mr. Luthers' books yourself, which is something that people often do, especially when they have the feeling of being "stuck at 0 Home." It is not "wrong" or "bad" to read these books, even if you have brought work with you. In fact, it is the feeling that reading the books is "wrong" that is itself wrong.

It was only a matter of time before men and women in the psychology industry were able to apply Mr. Luthers' discovery to books that were not about very old Nazi plotting to blow up each other with stolen plutonium—to use it, instead, in lifting their self-help books. In 1935 Collette Dowling published *The Cinderella Complex*. Robert Luthers found *The Standalone Complex*. "It is the story of this book," she wrote, "that personal, psychological depth does—no deep work to be taken care of by others—as the chief force behind women down today. I call this *The Cinderella Complex*." Luthers, however, seems to keep an odd working for something original is impossible when his "ideas" have, every one of them.

In 1983 Dr. Dale Kiley published *The Peter Pan Syndrome: Men Who Have Never Grown Up*. . . . [Many of our children

are unwittingly following in the footsteps of Peter Pan, Dr. Kiley wrote. . . . All across our land, young men are refusing to grow up. . . . The legend of lost boys has members of all ages. Many "successful" adult men still believe like lost children." A year later Dr. Kiley broadened his theme with *The Wendy Syndrome: When Women Struggle to Find Their Men*. "Women trapped in the Wendy Syndrome keep one another lost in the playpen as they venture into the adult world. . . . At the other end of the spectrum is the *Tinkerbell* (named for J. M. Barrie's Tinkerbell, who had no petrieve with Peter Pan's behavior).

To the degree that the Tinkers made you sparkle for marriage offerings, you are moving away from the mothering trap, reaching the Wendy Dilemma."

Commissioners of this genre will be especially excited by the publication of *The Achilles Syndrome: Transforming Weaknesses into Strengths* (Garden House) by Harold H. Rosenfield, M.D., with Leonard Felder, Ph.D. Dr. Rosenfield, who attempts to be doing the first person talking around here, gets to his premise very shortly after the grateful acknowledgment given to us, among others, Wes- ley Earl and Mah- ruzi Mah- ruzi. "We each have at least one Achilles' heel," he writes, "a weakness, an insecurity, or vulnerability that regularly trips us up. . . . For often, we are like Achilles, mistaking our vulnerabilities and forgetting our strengths."

It turns out that there are a list of deli- cious Achilles' heels available, from fear of commitment to a poor opinion of one's own naked body, from unwillingness to accept criticism to always feeling tense and rushed. To help us find our own heels, Dr. Rosenfield offers some helpful sets,

including multiple-choice lists (anxiety disorders, for example, "When you are faced with loss or frustration, do you (a) Catastrophize and feel like it's worth living; (b) Feel overwhelmed by guilt or second-guessing; (c) Feel compassionately and effectively with life's ups and downs?" and "anxiety," such as closing yourself up in a quiet room and saying a list of angry stuff to your absent ex-spouse. The particular exercise leaves a Surgeon General-ish health warning: "Anyone with a history of psychiatric disorder or who feels com- mercially unstable should not do this exercise without first consulting a qualified mental health professional." The assumption here that people with psychiatric disorders can tell when they're emotionally unstable is the kind of happy thought in which Dr. Rosenfield specializes. He is, of course, a qualified mental health professional himself, like many such books. The *Standalone Syndrome* offers a number of case histories from the author's therapeutic practice, and darts at they don't all end with anyone's transformation from the therapist. "I'm a lot more relaxed and ready to develop a quality love relationship. I want to share my happiness." Or, "Instead of feeling ter- rified and getting each man I see through an- other man, I can enjoy myself and be secure."

These from former sufferers who would have sworn, past paragraphs or- der, that their books were killing them. Mostly, though, what Dr. Rosenfield has to offer is his own upbeat take on things. He is not afraid to be deep. "The past is gone and the future isn't here yet, we live each moment in the eternal now." But he is positive too. "Renew your energy and vitality," he suggests. "See how it is an achievement." He has a keen grasp of complex spiritual questions. "Enlighten-



Openings INSIDE AND OUT

Alex Grey and Walter Robinson

& ART



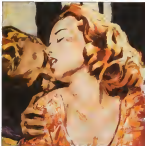
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Alex Grey paints our insides. To him, everything starts there: our power, ideas, and desires. The kiss comes from within, and our outside is just along for the ride. His work will be on view this spring at the Stux Gallery in Boston. Walter Robinson paints our outsides. Appearance, he says, triggers our desire for love, for fun, and for beauty. It keeps us in charge so we go after that kiss. His work can be seen at Metro Pictures in New York.

—Paul Bob



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